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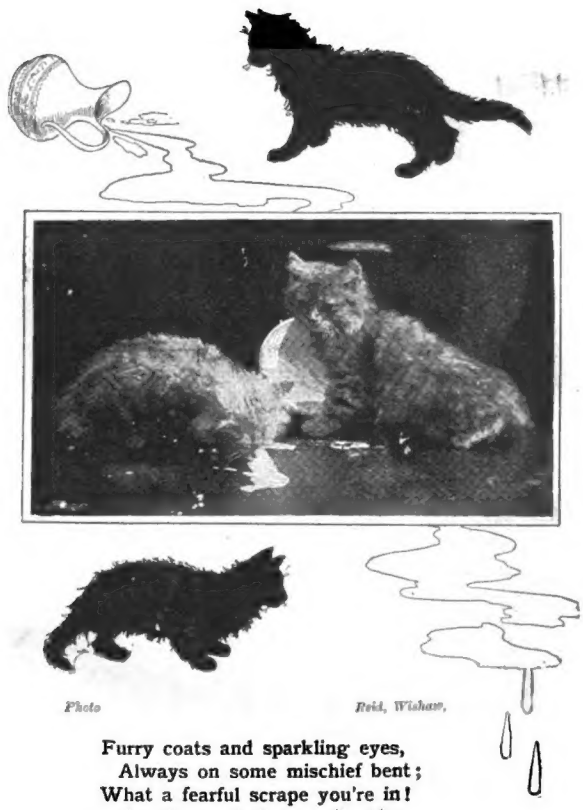

Photo *Reid, Wisbaw.*

Furry coats and sparkling eyes,
  Always on some mischief bent;
What a fearful scrape you're in!
  Aren't you feeling penitent?

Quickly run and hide yourselves,
  Ere your mistress come again,
For that little whip of hers
  Soon can make you howl with pain.

R. B. N. E.

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"THE PETS."

From the painting by A. J. Elsley.

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FROM THE STALLS

Phot. Ellis & Walery.

A PRETTY GROUP.

A Quartette from "Veronique."

The four young ladies curtseying here so charmingly, and clad in such beautiful Empire frocks, are from "Veronique," the delightful French opera so popular with playgoers.

Reading from the left these girls are Miss Tilly May, Miss Jessie Broughton, who sang sweetly in *Madame Sherry* "Once in a Blue Moon," and is a clever pianist with a concert reputation, Miss Jessie Hackney, and Miss Enid Leonhardt.

None of these young ladies has been on the stage for a very lengthy period, but all have rapidly learnt their work, and their contributions to the success of "Veronique" have been invaluable to the public.

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Photo *Bassano.*

DELIA MASON.

A Sweet Singer in "Lady Madcap."

The Royal College of Music instructed Delia Mason in the art of singing and opera. Then came a jump from amateur boards to the stage, and to Edna May's part in "Three Little Maids," a tour round the world, and back again to "Lady Madcap."

Animals have been quite a trial to her. There was her fox terrier, who took an active part in an amateur performance of "Pagliacci," where Signor, the husband, murdered Signora, the wife, and, incidentally, pretty Delia.

Doggie stalked on to the stage and licked his mistress' face until the murdered lady pushed him away with a very much alive arm.

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Photo *Frank W. Burford.*

REGINALD CROMPTON.

One of Our Tallest Actors, as he appears in "The Talk of the Town."

There are six feet six inches of Reginald Crompton, to say nothing of a corresponding breadth. All this comes from Devonshire, and was firstly a lawyer, but the joys of fly fishing were so strong that the law did not succeed.

Music followed, with a scholarship for singing at the Royal Academy of Music. This was to have led to classical orator.o singing, but gave way to low comedy, beginning with a heavy part as High Executioner in the "Rose of Persia."

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Photo *Biograph Studio.*

JESSIE BATEMAN.

The Prettiest Actress in London.

Jessie Bateman is a quiet girl, genuinely fond of art and music, old furniture, and rare china, when her few holidays give her a chance to enjoy these luxuries. Miss Bateman's family were Quakers.

At eight she went on the stage. Here is the history of the case: She and a little friend were dancing one day, practising their steps after their dancing lesson. Enter upon the scene a gentleman. Result, an engagement for both of them to act as fairies in the Benson Company. The histrionic art has claimed Miss Bateman ever since.

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Photos Campbell Gray.

MADAME CHIQUITA and MACHNOW.

The Littlest Lady and the Tallest Man in the World.

Machnow is a Russian. He is twenty-three years old, is nine feet two and a half inches high, and weighs twenty-seven stone.

Naturally, Machnow has a fairly good appetite. For example, his breakfast consists of a couple of quarts—that is to say, eight large breakfast cups—of milk or tea, sixteen boiled eggs, and half-a-dozen or so small loaves of bread.

This begins his day; and if he is hungry at mid-day, Machnow puts aside two or three pounds of meat. At dinner, an early meal at five, he manages enough to satisfy six men, and for supper he consumes fifteen eggs.

Madame Chiquita, who accompanies the giant, is a little lady of barely forty inches, against Machnow's one hundred and ten.

Machnow's hand, Chiquita's hand, and the hand of a normal-sized man.

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Photo *Stage Pictorial Publishing Co.*

MAUDI DARRELL.

A Clever Singer of Musical Comedy.

Riding and driving, pictures, prints, any sort of outdoor exercise, and foreign travel. These are Maudi Darrell's hobbies. "If I have a holiday, I want to get away from England. I like a fresh atmosphere.

"I am most unlucky on my trips. When I came back from America last, the boilers of the big liner burst. We were all cooped up down below, expecting to be sent up into the sky, or sink into the sea. That was exciting enough. Then, when I came back from Ceylon, we had a collision—not very serious, but sensational enough in its way."

Maudi Darrell has found out that personal magnetism means a great deal in musical comedy—as it does in real life.

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Photo *Lizzie Caswall Smith.*

GERALD LAWRENCE and HIS DAUGHTER.

A Young Actor in Shakespeare Comedy.

One of the cleverest of our young leading men, Gerald Lawrence has played many Shakespeare parts in London and the provinces. He has been leading man to Sir Henry Irving and Mr. Tree for some years.

Gerald Lawrence is the fortunate husband of Miss Lilian Braithwaite, and the almost equally fortunate possessor of a pretty little daughter, Miss Joyce Lawrence, who appears in the picture here. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence had a funny idea for a honeymoon. Instead of going to the conventional Paris or Nice, they steamed off to South Africa, not for idle enjoyment, but for work, for they played Shakespeare comedy all over the country from Simon's Bay to Pretoria and back again.

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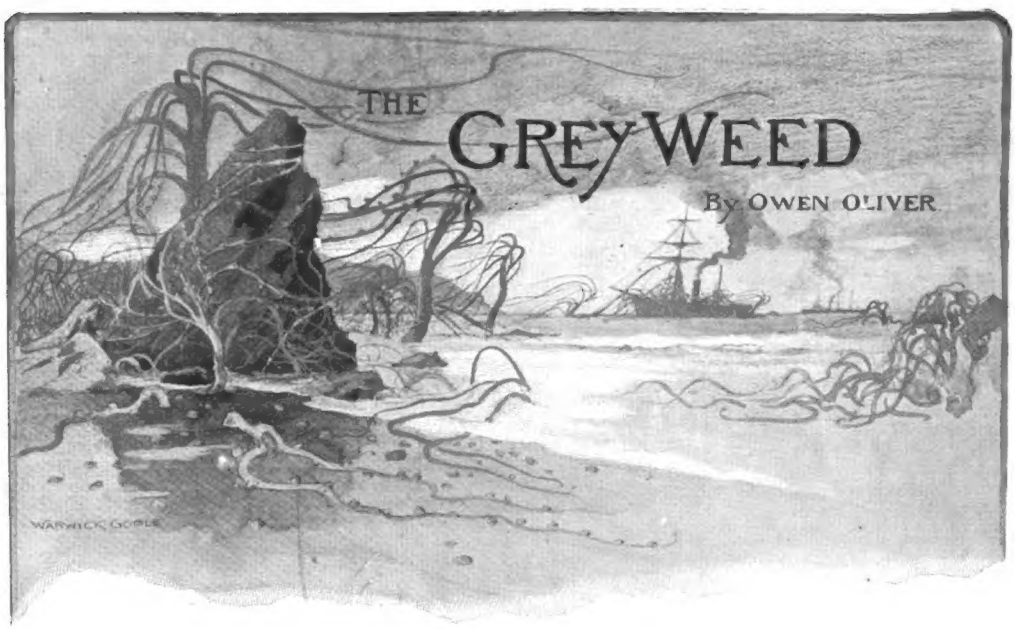

An Extract from the "Standard" of Feb. 8th, 1909.

OWING to the lamented death of Professor Newton, to whose wisdom and courage the world owes its deliverance, I have been asked to contribute to the first newspaper issued in the new era some account of the terrible weed which overran the earth and threatened to stifle out mankind.

The professor had intended dealing with the origin of the weed, its relations to ordinary plants, the nature of its growth, so far as this proceeded, and the forms which it would ultimately have assumed. Unfortunately, his notes upon these points are so abbreviated and technical as to be unintelligible to me; and personally I possess no qualifications for dealing with the scientific aspects of the case. So I must confine myself to a plain narrative of the occurrences which I witnessed.

It was nine o'clock in the evening of November 10th, 1908, when I left my office in Norfolk Street, letting myself out with a duplicate key, which the hall porter had intrusted to me. I thought at first that it was snowing; but when I put out my hand and caught a few of the particles, I found that they were flimsy white seeds, something like those of melons, only less substantial. Where they lay in heaps—as I thought—in the road their colour appeared to be grey.

At the Embankment end of the street the "heaps" were larger; and when I came to them I discovered that they were not seeds, but a growth of grey weed, which fastened round my shoes as I tried to walk over it. I stooped and took hold of a piece to examine it; but when I attempted to pluck it, it stretched like elastic, without breaking off. The tendrils were round, and about a quarter of an inch in diameter when not stretched. They had, at intervals, spherical "bulges" which, at a distance, bore the appearance of small berries. These appeared to be of the same substance as the tendrils. The latter began twining round my fingers, and I had some difficulty in releasing them.

The road and the Embankment were deserted by people, but three or four horses on the cab-stand were plunging with fright, as the weed wound round their legs. It had grown perceptibly in the few minutes that I had been observing it, and, feeling somewhat alarmed, I made my way back along Norfolk Street.

The weed had spread a good deal there also; and I noticed that, wherever a white seed fell, a fresh plant sprang up and grew with marvellous rapidity. In the Strand the weed was nearly a yard high. The 'bus drivers were whipping their frightened horses in a vain attempt to drive over it. The foot-passengers were unable to move, except a big man, who hacked a passage through the

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growth for himself, his wife, and his daughter —a pretty girl of about nineteen—with a small axe which he had.

They were making their way down to the Embankment, but I warned them that the weed was thick there. The young lady then suggested that they should try to get into one of the houses, and I invited them to come to my offices. The tendrils were seizing people and pulling them down, and binding them like flies in a spider's web. We could hear cries and screams all along the Strand, and a cab was upset by the struggles of the horse.

The weed had spread over Norfolk Street while we were talking, and it clung to our feet as we ran. The lady tripped and fell. The tendrils seized her immediately, and we had great difficulty in freeing her. When we had entered the door of the house we could not close it until we had chopped away the tendrils that followed us.

I turned on the electric light in the halls, and took my new friends to my rooms, which were on the fifth floor. The elder lady was faint, and I gave her some brandy and soda and biscuits. I had a good stock of these, fortunately.

The gentleman's name was George Baker; his wife was Marian Baker; and the girl was Viva. They had been buying curiosities in the Strand, and the axe—a roughly engraved Moorish instrument—was fortunately among their purchases.

Some people whom they met in the streets had told them that the weed was growing all over London, and that the Guards had been ordered out to cut it away.

A learned old gentleman had conjectured that the seeds were the atoms of some dissipated planet, or the elements of some world that was to be, and that they contained the raw elements of life, which set them growing when they came into contact with suitable matter.

"It's diabolical!" Mr. Baker said furiously. "The vestries ought to send round water-carts with weed-killer, or—or something. I don't know what they ought to do; but they ought to do something." He wiped his face excitedly with his handkerchief. "Diabolical!" he repeated. "It grows through the flagstones, the wood paving, everything. It—it seizes people!"

"Seizes people!" his wife repeated, wringing her hands. "We saw it."

"It clings to you," the girl added tremulously. "*Clings* to you. If it goes on growing——!"

Her mother gave a sharp scream, and her father groaned.

"If it goes on growing!" they said together.

"It won't," I assured them, with an indifferent appearance of confidence. "Those things that grow like—like *fungi*—never do. It will shrivel up suddenly, and let people go again. I don't suppose they're really hurt, only frightened. In an hour or so you'll be on your way home, and laughing about it; and I shall be thanking the—the *fungus*—for some pleasant acquaintances. I look upon this as a little surprise party."

The girl wiped her eyes and forced a smile.

"A little surprise party," she agreed. "What are you going to do for our entertainment, Mr. Adamson?—I saw the name on the doorplate."

"Henry Adamson," I said, "and very much at your service, Miss Viva. As for entertainment, I have some cards, but——"

I paused doubtfully. Her mother held up a trembling hand, and her father shook his head.

"We won't have any fools' games," he said. "Let's talk."

Viva and I talked in broken sentences, and her mother and father in monosyllables. We kept glancing at the window, but no one had the courage to draw up the blind for nearly an hour. Then we opened the window and looked out. The weed was fully six feet high in the street, and higher in the Strand. It had overrun the 'bus that stood at the opening. If there were people on the 'bus, it had overrun them too.

"It doesn't seem to hurt," I said. "There's no screaming now." I shuddered as soon as I had said it.

"There is no screaming now," Viva repeated. "I suppose they — they are all——"

Her voice broke. Her father shut the window sharply and drew her away.

"It will be gone in the morning," he asserted, "as—as our friend said. We shall have to impose on your hospitality for the night, I am afraid, Mr. Adamson."

"There is no question of imposing," I assured him. "I cannot say how glad I am to have your company."

We made a couch for the ladies by putting several hearthrugs on the table in the clerks' room, and laying two rugs of mine to cover them. Mr. Baker and I dozed in front of the fire in my room in chairs. Towards the morning I fell into a sound sleep. When I woke he had pulled up the blind.

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"It's fifteen feet high at least," he told me. "Half way up the second storey windows. Heaven help us."

I joined him, and saw the roadway filled with a sea of grey weeds. They looked like india-rubber reeds. The largest were as thick as my little finger, and the "bulges" were the size of damsons. We opened the window and listened. Presently a caretaker opened the window nearly opposite, and called to his wife.

"Here's a rum go, Mary," he shouted with a laugh. "Bullrushes growing in the street! We shan't have any clerks pestering us to-day."

The woman joined him, and they laughed together because they would have a holiday. They treated the matter as a joke, and evidently disbelieved us when we told them of the terrible events of the preceding night. So we closed the window and called the ladies. I made some tea on my ring-burner, and we breakfasted on that and biscuits.

The ladies avoided the window, and so did I, but Mr. Baker went to it every few minutes. After each visit he whispered to me that it was still growing. Mrs. Baker seemed in a stupor, but Viva tried hard to cheer us. She sang little snatches of song under her breath as she washed the tea-cups; and once she said that it was "great fun." Her mouth trembled when I looked reproachfully at her.

"Mother is so nervous," she whispered. "I have to pretend, just to cheer her. Do you think it will—grow?"

"Heaven knows!" I said. "But you are very brave."

After this she and I sat at the window, watching the tendrils growing and growing, and clutching incessantly at the air. I thought, at first, that they were swaying in the wind, but there was no breeze. Also there was an indescribable air of purpose about their movement. A number of long branches spread themselves over a window opposite. Their swaying ceased, and they pressed on it steadily, till at last it broke with a dull crash. Mrs. Baker fainted, and her husband lifted her on to the sofa. Viva clung to my arm. The malicious tendrils broke down the window frame, piece by piece, and spread slowly into the room, winding themselves round the tables and chairs.

"If anyone had been there," Viva cried hoarsely. "If—if——" She looked at me. Her eyes were big with fright.

"They must be doing something to stop it," I said; "the—the authorities. If we could find out. . . . I'll try the telephone."

After several calls I obtained an answer. It was a girl's voice. Six of them had stayed all night in the Exchange, she said. They were in communication with the police and the Government offices. The soldiers had been out since the previous evening, and had cut their passage from Chelsea Barracks to Victoria Street, and along this almost to Westminster Bridge. They had intended coming on to Whitehall and the Strand; but the stuff grew almost as quickly as it was cut down, and had overpowered many of them. Over a hundred had been crushed to death by it, and they had sent for gun-cotton to try to blow it up, as a last resort.

It was known, through the telegraph, that the weed had appeared all over England and on the Continent. It was also growing out of the sea.

The English Channel was choked in places, and several vessels had been bound by the weed in sight of the coast. "It's alive!" she wailed. "Alive! Its eyes are watching us through the windows!" (The bulges had the appearance of eyes.)

I was unable to obtain any further answers, although I tried the telephone several times. By one o'clock the third storey windows were covered. The thickest tendrils were then nearly the diameter of a florin, with the bulges the size and shape of exceedingly large plums. The stems and bulges seemed to be of one homogeneous material. There were no leaves or fruit or flowers at this time, but branches were beginning to sprout from the main stems. There did not appear to be any communication between one stem and another; but, according to Professor Newton's notes, this undoubtedly took place at the roots, which interlaced so as to form a gigantic nervous system or brain.

We made another meal of tea and biscuits. Mrs. Baker seemed stupefied by horror, and her husband was evidently overcome by his anxiety for her and scarcely spoke. Viva and I tried to talk, but our voices broke off in the middle of words. We listened vainly for any explosions, and concluded that the attempt at rescue had failed. By four o'clock the weed was up to the window-sill. Mrs. Baker was in a prolonged faint. Her husband sat beside her with his head on his hand. He did not look up when I suggested carrying her out on the roof.

"The cold would rouse her," he said. "It is best as it is. You're a good chap, I think. Do what you can for my little girl."

I put on my overcoat, crammed the pockets with biscuits and a flask, and persuaded Viva

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to accompany me to the roof to look for a way of escape for us and for her parents. We never saw them again.

Some people from neighbouring houses were on the adjoining roofs already—two old caretakers, a man, and a lad. We saw about twenty more on the roofs in other streets. Some of them were raving and singing. The caretakers who had spoken to us in the morning flung their window open. They were laughing as if they had been drinking. They brought two pailfuls of boiling water and emptied it upon the weed. There was a soft, hissing sound. Then two—four—six quivering tendrils reached slowly towards them.

The man and woman seemed fascinated. They did not attempt to move, only screamed. The tendrils seized them and bound them round and round. Viva buried her head on my shoulder, and I shut my eyes. It was about half a minute, I think, before the screams ceased. Then there was crash after crash as windows were broken in. The weed had its passions, it seemed.

"Take me back to mother and father," Viva begged. "We can all die together—if you would rather die with us?"

"Yes, I would rather die with you, Viva," I said. "I should have liked you very much if we had lived."

We returned to the trap-door; but the staircase was choked with the weed. As we looked it seemed to be a pit of twirling grey snakes. We called to her mother and father, but there was no answer. Viva would have flung herself among the weed, but I held her and carried her back to the roof.

The weed was beginning to crawl over the gutters. Long, rope-like filaments were surrounding the other people who were on the roofs. They huddled together and did not attempt to escape. The tendrils overran them, and bound them round and round. I think they had mostly fainted. There was only one cry.

The tendrils lashed one another and fought over their prey. Their struggles made a repulsive "scrooping" noise—a noise like the sound of stroking silk, only louder. There was also a sound of crunching bones.

I did not notice the weed closing round us till Viva clutched my arm.

"Hold me," she begged. "Hold me tight! I thought life had only just begun——"

I supported her on one arm, and backed towards the Strand end of the roof where the weed had encroached less. We stumbled against a skylight. The attic below was empty. I opened the frame, lowered Viva, and jumped down after her. We crouched in a corner watching the window. One—two minutes passed. Then the grey weed, with the bulges that simulated eyes, pressed upon it. The glass shivered upon the floor. I lifted Viva in my arms—she was too faint to walk—and carried her out on the landing.

The light was bad, and I saw no weed till we reached the next landing. Then it stretched towards us from the broken window frame. A dozen grey ropes crept towards us from the stairs when we approached these. The lift was standing open. I pushed Viva in, jumped after her, slid the steel railings to, and lowered the lift. A tendril caught at it as we started. I heard it snap.

In my excitement I lowered the lift too fast. We were thrown against the sides, and almost stunned, when it stopped. There was barely a glimmer of light, and we did not know if we had reached the bottom of the shaft, or had been stopped by the weed. We listened for a long while and heard nothing. Then we let ourselves out, and advanced a few inches at a time, feeling about us with our hands.

We seemed to be in the hall of the basement. We came upon a table, and found a tray on it with biscuits and milk. We drank the milk, and Viva stuffed the biscuits in her pockets, as mine were full. There was a dim, barely perceptible light from an area window. We peered up through the grating into the forest of huge weeds. The trunks, which had grown to the size of young elms, only swayed a little; but the branches above twisted and twined incessantly. Viva shuddered when she saw them, and I took her away.

"We are safe down here," I assured her; but she pressed her hand over my mouth.

"Hush!" she whispered. "Hush! It may hear."

We wandered about in the darkness till we found a caretaker's room. We sat there on a sofa, holding hands. We never lost touch of one another all the time. I do not know how long it was. It seemed years. The basement was very quiet, but the sound of the india-rubbery motion came down to us. Once or twice we thought we heard a human cry. Once a mouse squeaked; and a spider dropped on the couch beside us with a thud. We were always listening.

After an unknown time we groped our way into the scullery to get water. We had just

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drunk, when we heard the sound of india-rubbery tentacles dragging themselves over the walls. Something clung to my hand. Something held her skirt. The skirt tore as I pulled her from it. Something was in the way when we tried to close the door. It followed us across the room and into the passage.

We felt along the walls for the door that we thought led to the cellars; found it, fastened it after us, groped down the stairs. It was darker than the darkness of the basement above—darkness that could be felt. We stumbled over some coals, and a rough, hoarse voice came out of the darkness.

"Give us your hand, guv'nor," it said; "just a touch of your hand. I've been alone here for—for a thousand years!"

Someone staggered towards us—stumbled against us; and a huge, rough hand gripped my arm.

I put myself between him and Viva, and pressed her arm for silence. The voice and grip were not reassuring, and I hoped he did not know she was there.

"Here is my hand," I said.

"And mine," said Viva eagerly. "You are a friend—of course you are a friend. God bless you."

"God bless you, lady." The rough voice softened strangely. "I—I'm sorry to intrude."

He drew back a little way from us, and sat down. I could not see him, but I could hear him breathe. Another unknown time passed. Then Viva whispered that she was thirsty.

"There's a pail of water," the man said, "if I can find it." He moved about in the darkness till he kicked it. Then he brought it to us. We drank from the pail and ate a few biscuits. I offered him some, but he said that he had a crust left. Viva and I explored the cellar and found a shovel and a pick. I suggested that we should try to break through into the next cellar, on the chance of finding food; but Viva and the man feared that the weed might hear us.

She and I sat on an empty packing case, and she laid her head on my shoulder and slept. After a time I slept too. The man woke us.

"There's something moving, guv'nor," he said hoarsely. "I think it's growing out of the floor. Strike a match and give me the shovel."

We found forty or fifty weed plants growing. He beat some down with the shovel, but others clutched him round the legs. He was a strong, rough-looking man, and he fought furiously, but they pulled him down.

Something held her skirt. The skirt tore as I pulled her from it.

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I gave Viva the matches, and went to his rescue with the pick. The weeds seized me too, but he cut us both free with a clasp knife; and at length we destroyed them all.

We saw by the match-light that the wall was cracking in one place. So we resolved to try to get through it. The man dislodged a few bricks with the pick, and we pulled others away till our fingers bled and the last match gave out. At length he managed to crawl through.

"You come next, sir," he proposed. "The lady would be frightened of me."

"Dear friend," Viva said, "I am not in the least afraid of you."

So he helped her through, and I followed. We discovered a passage, and along the passage another doorway—and people. I do not remember our words when we found one another in the dark—only the gladness of it.

There were about twenty of them—men, women, and children. They had food and drink which they had collected before they fled to the cellar. Professor Newton was among them. He seemed acknowledged as their leader, and he proposed me as his second. He wanted the aid of an intelligent and educated man, he whispered, in fighting the weed.

"We *must* fight it," he declared, tapping me on the arm with his finger, "but I don't know how. I—don't—know—how! I can't even guess what it is; still less what it is going to be. It may be mere vegetable life—a man-eating plant. It may be brute animal life—a *carnivorous* animal! It may be intelligent—diabolical intelligence. Whatever it is, it will develop as it grows, develop new organs and new powers, new strength, and new weaknesses. We must strike *there*. What weaknesses? Ah—h! I don't know! It may outgrow itself and wither. It may perish from the little microbes of the earth, like the Martians in Wells' romance. We thought that an idle fancy *then*. It may grow into an intelligent—demon! It may be one now, and merely lack the organs to carry out fully its evil will. On the other hand, its malevolence may be purposeless—a blind restlessness that it will outgrow—after we have stifled in the darkness at its feet. We must fight it anyhow. To fight it we must understand it. To understand it we must study it. Will you risk your life with me?"

"Yes," I said.

Viva cried softly when I told her I must go; but she did not try to keep me from my duty. The professor and I crawled up the stairs into the basement, and, finding nothing there, went up in the lift in the dark. We heard the weed moving about on the second landing. I jumped out, turned on the electric light, and jumped in again.

The tendrils followed me and clutched at the steel curtain, but could not break it. We hacked with our penknives at those which crept through. The juice which ran out from them had an oily smell. They beat furiously on the curtain. The professor studied them calmly with a microscope. The "bulges" were the beginnings of eyes, he thought. He pronounced some feathery sprays sprouting from them to be the rudiments of organs like hands.

I do not know if he was right, but he always maintained that they would develop organs of sense. Anyhow, the character of the weed was clearly changing. It had grown harder and drier, but without losing its flexibility or strength.

After a time the professor decided that I should return to the others. He went up again in the lift when he had lowered me. Viva was waiting for me just inside the door.

I had obtained some candles. We lit one and stuck it in a bottle. I shall never forget the group in the low, wide cellar, huddled together on boxes or on the floor. The man we met first was nursing an ailing child. Lady Evelyn Angell had gathered a young flower-girl under her opera-cloak.

A policeman was binding up a wounded hand with his handkerchief. A shivering old match-seller wore his cape. Viva took a little boy on her lap and told him about "Jack and the Beanstalk." Steel (a card-sharper I learnt afterwards), who had been indefatigable in helping everyone, was chatting with Lady Evelyn. Some ill-clad lads had draped themselves in sacking. A rouged and gaudily-dressed woman was mothering some younger ones. She had comforted Viva while I was away, I learnt, and had offered to accompany her in a search for me, but the others had persuaded them that they would only be a hindrance to us.

After a couple of hours—I had wound my watch again—the professor reappeared. His clothes were torn, and his face and hands were bleeding.

"They broke the steel curtain at last," he explained, "but I got away Good Heavens, how it grows! I can't make up my mind about it."

After a time, when most of us were dozing, a portion of the roof and the wall fell in. The growth of the roots under the street had

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pressed the earth upon it, the professor conjectured. A faint light streamed down the tall weeds and through the opening. The branches overhead were still moving, but the lower stems seemed inert. The professor decided to venture among them in search of knowledge. I went with him. There was just room enough between the weed-trunks for us to pass.

The houses upon the other side of the street were all down. So were many in the Strand. In Fleet Street we saw the way it was done. The huge weeds leant upon them, till they fell with a crash. The Law Courts went so. We found the clock among the weeds. Sometimes the branches pushed themselves through the windows and walls of houses which were still standing. Once or twice we heard human cries. We found a woman, with a baby and a dog, walking among the weed-trees, and took them with us.

The light, which straggled down through the waving branches overhead, was feeble and patchy, and we lost our way for a time. At length we found Norfolk Street; but as we were entering it, some of the tendrils which seemed to be fighting one another viciously overhead, broke off and dropped at our feet.

They writhed upon the ground like huge, grey snakes, and wound themselves round the weed-trees, and lashed out blindly. One of them caught the woman, and dashed her against a trunk. We pulled her away from the tendril as its violence lessened, but she was dead. The baby was not hurt, and still slept. I carried it in my arms.

A moment later, a broken tendril dropped right upon the dog. He howled loudly, and in his fright bit at an unbroken tendril hanging down among the trees. (There were a good many such, but we had succeeded in avoiding them hitherto.) It shook, as if with rage and pain, wrapped its extremity round the dog, and bore him aloft, still howling. Hundreds of tendrils stretched towards it, and fought with it for the dog. They still fought after his cries ceased; and other tendrils began reaching downwards, in every direction round us, as if searching for further prey. The professor watched them intently, oblivious of danger.

"They make a different sound now," he remarked abstractedly. "It is no longer the scroop-scroop of clammy india-rubber. They *rustle*. It doesn't seem like decay. They are stronger—stronger. There is weakness in excess of anything—even in strength. Let me think!"

"Quick!" I cried. "Quick! They are falling upon us. Run!"

We dodged rapidly among the wood-trunks. He was slow, and I pushed him. Tendril after tendril rustled downwards, and the trunks themselves swayed. Two almost fixed the professor between them—he was a stout man—but I dragged him through.

The light from above was entirely shut out by the descending tendrils, and we must have been lost but for an electric lamp burning in one of the houses. As it was, the descending tendrils would have caught us, but for their struggles among themselves. Broken pieces dropped and wriggled madly all round us, and we had to dodge them. One caught at my foot, and dragged my shoe off as I pulled myself away. Several touched us as we slid down the *débris* into the cellar. They followed us there.

A few of the people screamed. A few fainted. The rest backed in a huddled, wide-eyed crowd towards the furthest wall. Lady Evelyn stood in front of the children, holding out her arms, as if to shelter them. Steel came and stood in front of her.

"Dear lady," he said, "these have been the best days of my life—since we met. I should have been a better man if I had met you before." She smiled very sweetly at him.

"I like you greatly, Mr. Steel," she said.

The rouged woman came and took the baby from me, and I tried to pull the professor back; but he would not come. Viva ran out from the crowd and put her arms round me. The tendrils drew nearer and nearer. Some came along the ceiling, hanging their heads like snakes. Others crawled along the floor, raising themselves as if to dart at us. I do not know if they saw us, or smelt us, or how they knew where we were; but they *knew*.

They were within a yard of the professor, and still he did not move; only took the burning candle from the bottle, and railed at them as if they could hear. I thought that he had gone mad.

"Do you think man has learnt nothing in his thousand generations?" he shouted. "That you can crush him with the brute strength of a few days? Come and see! Come and see!"

The foremost tentacle wound round him; began to lift him. He felt it carefully with his hands. "It is dry!" he shouted. "*Dry!*"

Then he put the candle to it.

There was a wilderness of white light. Then a purple darkness. I heard the professor fall.

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The houses upon the other side of the street were all down. . . . The huge weeds leant upon them, till they fell with a crash. The Law Courts went so.

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One caught at my foot, and dragged my shoe off as I pulled myself away. Several touched us as we slid down the *débris* into the cellar.

When our eyes recovered from their dazed blindness the weed was utterly gone. The daylight was streaming into the hole in the wall, and the professor was picking himself up from the floor. His hair and beard were badly singed, and his eyebrows were gone.

"It dried too fast," he told us with a queer, angry chuckle. "That was its weakness. It dried—dried——"

He kept on repeating the word in a dull, aimless tone. The rest repeated it vacantly after him. Viva was the first to speak coherently—a faint whisper in my ear.

"My dear!" she said. "My *dear!*"

Lady Evelyn spoke next—to ex-cardsharper Steel.

"The world begins afresh," she said; "and—you *have* met me, Mr. Steel."

The tears rolled down her cheek—and his; and they stood smiling at one another.

"The world begins afresh," the professor called in a loud voice. "Come with me and make it a better world." He strode towards the light; but some held back.

"The weed!" they cried timorously.

"The weed has gone—burnt in an instant from the end of the world to the end of the world," he assured them. "Follow me."

We followed him out of the darkness into the sunlight. It was a mild, bright day for November, and a pleasant air.

The weed had disappeared entirely, as the professor predicted; and speaking generally, the conflagration had been too sudden to do much harm; but most of the buildings had subsided upon the sudden destruction of the weed-roots which had undermined them. Here and there houses and timber had caught fire, and in many districts the fire spread and lasted for days.

The statistics which are being prepared in the New Department for the Service of the People, over which I have the honour to preside, are not yet quite complete; but I may mention that 17 per cent. of the buildings on the north of the Thames are found to have been destroyed, and 93 per cent. on the south (the wind having blown mainly in that direction), and that the destruction of property in Great Britain and Ireland generally is roughly estimated at 55 per cent.

The adventures of our little band after we came out from our hiding-place scarcely

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belong to this story; but I must set down a few events which stand out in red letters in our calendar of the world after the grey weed.

Upon the first afternoon we learnt that there were other survivors—which we had not dared to hope—by finding a man, woman, and child, nearly dead with hunger and fright, hiding in a basement. We formed ourselves at once into small parties to go round London, wherever houses yet stood, and rang the church bells, and blew trumpets, and beat drums, and shouted to all those who remained to come out.

Here and there frightened groups of white-faced, famished, dishevelled people answered the call. As our numbers increased, we sent parties to search the cellars and other hiding-places, and rescued many at their last gasp. The total number of survivors in London, where the percentage of deaths was highest, amounts to some 35,000.

Upon the second day we obtained several replies to our calls by telegraph to the provinces, and the next day we were in telegraphic communication with most parts of the United Kingdom and even the Continent. In almost all towns at least one or two persons had escaped. In some parts the grey weed had left open spaces, or a few houses, to which people could flee, and only a portion of those who reached them had died from starvation.

In a few instances it was alleged to have refrained from injuring those with whom it came in contact. Also it failed to crush many of the ships which it seized at sea—the sea growths generally being less virulent than those on land. So far as our statistics go at present, we hope that nearly one-eighth of the population of Europe has survived.

On the fourth day the first train from the provinces to London was run; and several ships, which the weed had overgrown without injuring, came into port. After this, traffic was rapidly resumed.

A fortnight later our present Government was provisionally established. The professor, whom all hailed as their deliverer, refused office himself; but, upon his nomination, I was appointed to my present position. Several of our little band were assigned important posts, including Steel—now known by another name, and married to Lady Evelyn—and Viva, who is now presiding over the London Homes for Orphans, until our marriage. The day after to-morrow a newspaper appears.

We have toiled unremittingly to reconstruct the social and commercial life of the country, and not without success. We have few luxuries, but no wants; fewer workers, but no drones; fewer to love—but we love more. I think the world will go well now, because we love one another so much.

"The grey weed has solved the problems of poverty, envy, crime, and strife, which have puzzled mankind for ages," the professor said, just before he died. "Don't cry, little Viva. Ah! But I felt a tear on my hand! There is nothing to cry about, my child. *They* have gone; and *I* am going; but *you* have learnt to love. It is all for the best!

"All—for—the—best," he repeated, at the last; and smiled. That is his message to you to whom I write, dear friends.

THE ALIEN QUESTION.

No question is more important and more interesting than that which has arisen in connection with the large numbers of foreign immigrants who are making their homes with us. We know comparatively little of the lives of the aliens, even in England, and still less of their lives in their own homes; consequently, two articles which are appearing, one this month and one next, in PEARSON'S MAGAZINE, should be of special interest to all interested to any extent in the so-called "Alien Question." Miss Olive Christian Malvery has devoted several months to touring the Continent, visiting the homes of our foreign immigrants, finding out all about them, the conditions of their lives, the reasons why they leave their native country, and so on. All these points she treats of fully in her first article; in the secon —appearing in the May PEARSON'S MAGAZINE—she will describe how the aliens come to England and settle here. Both articles will be profusely illustrated with a unique series of photographs.

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Real Life Romances from Lloyd's

A Series of Some of the most Remarkable Dramas of the Sea which have Occurred of Recent Years, Furnished by Officials at Lloyd's—the great Maritime Insurance Company.

The Terror of Two Men.

A MINIATURE MUTINY.

One of the coolies . . . wounded him with a knife.

IT was a calm night. Captain Clarke of the American ship *Frank N. Thayer*, loaded with hemp and bound for Manila, yawned and went into his cabin to "turn in" for a spell, leaving the vessel in charge of the first and second officers.

Suddenly he was aroused from his sleep by a scream and sounds of scuffling. He jumped out of bed, and hurried to the companion, only to see the second officer fall dead at the foot of the steps.

He mounted the latter, and at the top encountered one of the coolies—there were two on board the vessel—who wounded him with a knife. The captain closed with him, and they struggled down the steps, Clarke getting back to his cabin, in which he locked himself, in order to protect his wife and child, who happened to be with him on the voyage.

He saw now what had happened. Mutiny. But he did not know the extent of it. His wife, who never lost her presence of mind, handed him a revolver, and he was ready to shoot any of the mutineers who presented themselves at either doors or windows.

Remarkable to relate there were only two mutineers, the coolies, and they succeeded before morning in getting the vessel completely under control.

Just after the captain had turned in, they stabbed and killed the first and second officers, and then ran amuck among the others, who were terrified into complete paralysis.

One seaman, named Sonnberg, managed to reach a place of safety by shinning up the mizzen shrouds to the cross-jackyard, the others were herded like sheep in the forecastle by the two furies, and battened down.

The coolies then tried to make an entry into the captain's cabin, to obtain possession of firearms, but failed, one being wounded in the foot by the captain.

But the tide of affairs was soon to turn, the spell to be broken. Ah Sin, the cook, managed to smuggle an axe into the forecastle, so that those battened in might cut their way out. The captain discovered one of the crew in hiding near his cabin, and armed him with a revolver. Then the captain was lucky enough to wound one of the mutineers.

The firing now became hot, and as the men in the forecastle broke out of their prison, one of the coolies threw a boom into the sea, and leapt in after it. The other disappeared below. Soon after volumes of smoke ascended from the hold. He had set light to the hemp! As he re-ascended he was shot, and throwing up his hands, went over the side with a yell.

The vessel, soon a mass of flame, had to be abandoned, and after tossing about some days in an open boat the survivors, seventeen in all, succeeded in reaching Jamestown, St. Helena.

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Helpless Upon the Ocean.

THE STORY OF A TIMELY RESCUE.

ON February 1st, 1899, the schooner, *Silver Spray*, set sail from St. John's, Newfoundland, with a cargo of dry codfish, for Oporto. The little vessel was in good trim when she started, in charge of David Lowson, her owner, and a crew of four hands, but upon the evening of the day of her start she encountered adverse weather.

On the following day the weather got worse, increasing to a gale. Here the troubles began, the heavy seas coming on board, and washing away deck fittings, bulwarks, and stanchions.

The weather continued to grow wilder and wilder; terrific seas were washing over the helpless and tossing craft, doing irrevocable damage, and creating general havoc. Bit by bit, detail by detail, the *Silver Spray* was being demolished. The topmast, and top-gallant-mast snapped like reeds, and were carried away; the yards on the foremast went, and all the sails were torn to ribbons, and wrenched away, carried aloft like straws in the wind. The situation of the crew was a desperate one, and unless they were speedily rescued they must inevitably perish.

The morning of the 5th broke grimly, bringing no sign of succour to the *Silver Spray*. All hands were kept at the pumps, but in spite of their efforts the water in the hold gained on them. Captain Lowson, who was ill at the time, could not render any assistance, being compelled to remain below. Both sides of the vessel were denuded of bulwarks, and the water was surging and washing continually over the ship.

Black night came on, and they sent up rockets, and burnt blue lights.

Suddenly their hearts were set wildly beating. Not far distant a light was being rapidly flashed. It was the Morse Code signal. Their own lights had been seen, and this was the answer. Their deliverance was at hand. At the eleventh hour! It was the steamer, *King David*, of London, Captain Rich, and she bore down upon the *Silver Spray*, going round her to take in the situation. Then she signalled that she would stand by till daylight. No rescue could be attempted in the dark. The captain said:

"We hope to see our vessel remain afloat till then."

They kept an anchor lamp burning all night in the fore-rigging, so that they might be visible to the other vessel.

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 5th, the rescue was accomplished. A boat was launched from the *King David*, in charge of the chief officer, J. D. Porteous, and after a perilous three hours' battling with the elements, succeeded in getting all safely aboard the steamer. The last they saw of the *Silver Spray* she was settling down in the water, just before taking the last plunge.

Captain Lowson's life was practically doubly saved, for he says he would not have survived his privations but for the careful nursing and attention he received on board the *King David*. All the rescuers were presented with medals by Lloyd's.

All hands were kept at the pumps.

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The Case of the "Phillis."

THE STORY OF A BRAVE DEED.

ON the afternoon of Saturday, January 9th, 1897, the R.M. Steamship *Orient*, Captain H. E. Inskip, left the port of Melbourne, in continuation of her voyage from London. The weather was bad, a strong south-west wind blowing, which gradually increased to a furious gale, accompanied by a confused and mountainous sea. At 4 p.m. on Sunday they sighted a vessel showing signals of distress. They responded, and learnt that she was the brig *Phillis*, of Sydney. She signalled: "Want food—starving."

The task thus presenting itself to Captain Inskip was one of contending responsibilities. He took counsel with his chief officer, F. J. Ranken, R.N.R., and delivered himself thus:

"If I risk the lives of my men in sending a boat in such weather, only to lose them, without rendering aid, I shall be blamed; if I leave them to starve on the brig, I shall also be blamed. Ask them if it is urgent."

The code signals went to work and the reply came back:

"Most urgent!"

The storm increased in fury. The tumult of the elements made a deafening roar. It was decided to launch a boat, and volunteers were called for. As is invariably the case under such circumstances, plenty were forthcoming.

Chief officer Ranken was given charge of the boat, and the perilous task of launching it was proceeded with. By the exercise of great care, tenacity, and skill, this was at last successfully accomplished.

Captain Inskip took his vessel as close into the *Phillis* as was consistent with safety. The boat, of course, was well furnished with provisions.

Anxious moments ensued for those on board the *Orient*, more particularly for her master.

Many times they held their breath in agonising suspense, when their comrades were hidden from view by a wall of turbulent, seething water, and were long in re-appearing.

On several occasions, when no sight of the boat was obtainable for what seemed an interminable time, their hearts sank, and they thought that all was over.

"She can't live in such a sea!" again and again exclaimed Captain Inskip.

But he was happily mistaken.

For three hours the struggle went on, the fury of the waters increasing every moment, until skill, pluck, and endurance won, and the provisions were safely, though with difficulty, got on board the *Phillis*.

Their comrades were hidden from view by a wall of turbulent, seething water.

Then came the return journey. And as this was begun, the weather became even worse still.

A fierce squall of stinging hail and rain came on, the air was packed with it, the heavens and ocean seeming to combine in one element. The boat was hidden from view, and soon another peril would present itself in the form of darkness. The captain muttered:

"If darkness overtakes them we shall never see them again!"

The light was fast failing when the boat made a welcome reappearance within hailing distance.

The force of the waves would not permit of the approach of the boat close to the *Orient's* side, so a line was thrown from the vessel to the men, and, one at a time, buffeted by the merciless elements, they were drawn safely on board. The boat was abandoned.

The good work was done.

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Why Did They Mutiny?

A MYSTERY THAT STILL REMAINS UNSOLVED.

AT half-past ten on the night of September 2nd, 1902, the British ship, *Leicester Castle*, Captain Peattie, on a voyage from San Francisco to Queenstown, was 300 miles north of Pitcairn Island. The vessel was making three and a half knots under all sail.

The deck was in charge of the second mate, Nixon, and the captain was lying down in his room below. Among the crew were three seamen, shipped at San Francisco, named respectively Hobbs, Sears, and Turner.

As the captain lay reading, Sears came hastily to the door, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Cap'en!" exclaimed Sears, in a tone of alarm.

"What is it?" replied Peattie.

"Will you come out—a man has fallen from the foreyard, and broken his leg!" explained Sears.

At once Captain Peattie jumped to his feet, went into an adjoining cabin, set up a light, and arranged a table for the reception of the injured man.

"Where is he?" asked Peattie.

"Just outside," said Sears.

"Tell the second mate to bring him in here," directed Peattie.

At this juncture Hobbs suddenly appeared at the starboard door of the cabin, and, whipping in between the captain and his room, exclaimed:

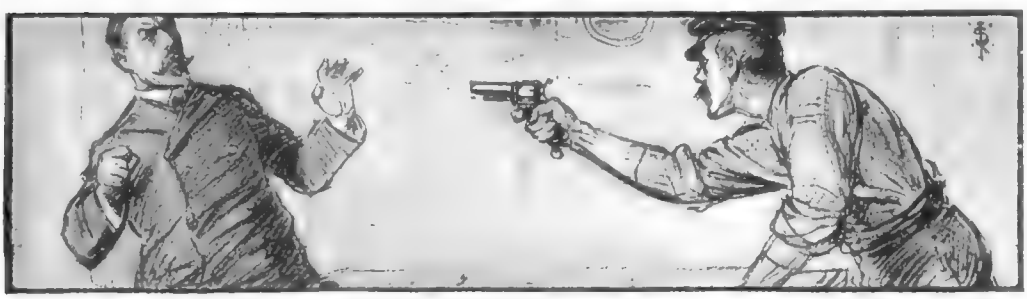
"Now, then, captain!"

Before the latter had time to offer an observation Hobbs drew a revolver, and fired at Peattie, wounding him in the breast. The two men closed and struggled, the captain having only his fist for a weapon, while Hobbs continued firing, wounding Peattie in the arm also.

The noise brought the second officer, Nixon, running to the cabin, when Hobbs turned the revolver at him, shooting him through the heart. Then the steward, and a man named Dunning, appeared upon the scene, and Hobbs retreated from the cabin.

The captain being disabled, the chief officer now took the matter in hand, and summoned all the crew aft, where they held a consultation with a view to securing the assailants.

A few minutes after midnight they went on deck to locate the whereabouts of the three men, who had remained quiet ever since the attack, when they were surprised to perceive a large raft gliding past the vessel in the black waters, upon which were the three mutineers! They had constructed a raft of a few planks, and some cork cylinders from the forward lifeboat, taking a week's provisions, some tobacco, and water.



Hobbs drew a revolver, and fired at Peattie.

The raft with its burden of wrong-doers disappeared into the darkness.

The captain's life was saved by the skilful attentions of an able seaman named Brennan, who had had some experience of ambulance work in South Africa. Nixon, the ill-fated second officer, was buried the day following his death. The *Leicester Castle*, upon arrival at Queenstown, reported the affair, the captain making a deposition before the Board of Trade officials and the Customs officers.

As regards the fate of the mutineers, they might have been carried towards the South Sea Islands, have been picked up by a passing vessel, or, which is most probable, engulfed by the sea. They have not since been heard of.

As to why they mutinied remains an impenetrable mystery.

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The Strange Voyage of the "Marie Ce'ste."

AN UNSOLVED OCEAN MYSTERY.

One morning, a year or two ago, the Spanish authorities at Gibraltar observed a brig, with all sails set, approaching, and apparently manœuvring to enter the Mediterranean.

Upon watching her a little more closely, however, they were struck with the strange manner of her movements. She tacked and went about in a most bewildering manner, for all the world as though she were being handled by a crew of irresponsible, drunken men, and this though there was not the slightest elemental reason for anything but the most straightforward and plain sailing. The watchers wondered what it all meant.

Determining to investigate the matter at much closer quarters, some of their number put off in a boat, and pulled towards the eccentric craft.

Having arrived within a few cables' length of the brig, they were still more amazed to find that there was not a sign of a human being to be seen anywhere! They hailed her several times, but received no response.

Then that superstition which is engendered by the mystery of the ocean took possession of the investigators, and with apprehension they proceeded to board the vessel.

They soon discovered that there was not a living soul on board, that the brig was drifting aimlessly about.

In the captain's cabin were the remains of a half-finished meal, and over his bunk a chronometer watch was ticking. In the men's quarters the same state of affairs presented itself, traces of a hastily-quitted, but partly-consumed meal. For the rest, everything was in order.

They hailed her several times, but received no response.

Upon the bulwarks, near the bows, was the mark of apparently a blow from an axe, or a slash from a cutlass.

The ship was an American training brig, *Marie Celeste*. It was discovered that she had left Boston, with twenty souls on board, a few weeks previously.

What had happened to the occupants?

The authorities made the most exhaustive inquiries on both sides of the Atlantic, but never a trace of a single soul that left Boston in the *Marie Celeste*, upon that occasion, was ever discovered.

Various theories were advanced in explanation of the mystery, including piracy, mutiny, sudden and universal insanity and suicide, etc., but all the versions were rendered impossible by the existing condition of things on the vessel when boarded. The most feasible explanation advanced was the following:—

All were seated at a meal, except the man at the wheel, who was the only hand on deck, when a huge octopus arose from the depths, enfolded the man at the wheel with one of his tentacles, and carried him off. His cries brought the others severally on deck, only to be in turn secured by the many-limbed monster, and all dragged to the depths below! Curiously enough, the mark of a slash on the bulwarks would seem to offer a kind of confirmation of this theory, as though it were the result of a futile blow at one of the waving tentacles.

But in all probability the whole truth concerning the *Marie Celeste* will never be known.

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THE WORLD THROUGH OTHER EYES

No. XV.—THE DEEP-SEA FISHERMAN.

Here an Insight is Given into the Life and Work of the Men Who Earn Their Living on Board a Steam Trawler.

By A. E. Johnson.

If there be, to the lay mind, a certain glamour surrounding the soldier's life, how much greater is the mystery and romance that attaches to those who go down to the sea in ships, and whose business is in deep waters!

Little enough as the "poor little street-bred people," to employ Kipling's contemptuous phrase, know of the daily round of the merchant seaman—of the Jack Tar of the Royal Navy even—still less do they know of the strange life of the deep-sea fisherman, still less are they able mentally to exchange eyes with him, and appreciate his peculiar point of view.

Mr. John Smith, of Clapham or Upper Tooting, knows nothing of all this, and, it is to be feared, cares less. He buys his cod or his halibut at the fishmonger's in the High Street, and there's an end on't. Even Mr. James Brown, the blue-aproned fishmonger, on whose shiny slab the cod and halibut are laid out for Mr. John Smith's inspection, gives little heed to *how* his wares came to him. The fish special brought them down that morning from his buyer at Grimsby, and that's all he wants to know about the matter. As to the privations endured, and the perils encountered by the men who risked their lives (as a matter of course) to get that fish for him, he never inquires.

Even *you*, reader, despite your intelligent interest in men and affairs, may be surprised to learn that the haddock which you ate for breakfast this morning, or the boiled cod over which you poured the egg-sauce so liberally at dinner last night, came in all probability from the coast of Iceland, and only a week or so ago was disporting itself in waters not so very far below the Arctic Circle, a thousand miles and more away.

For so depleted have the North Sea fisheries of late years become, that nowadays big trawlers all sail northward, on voyages lasting from three weeks upward, to the vast and prolific fishing-grounds off the south and west coasts of Iceland.

Imagine me, then (as in point of fact I have been), one of the crew of a steam-trawler, Iceland-bound from Grimsby, and learn the manner of my daily life.

Outward-bound 'tis a fairly easy time. With a crew of some dozen hands, including the two engineers, and but three or four needed for each watch, no arduous duty falls upon me. I eat and sleep, sleep and eat. More especially, however, do I sleep, laying in a good store of rest—as it were—against the long spells of sleepless toil before me. Morning, noon, and evening, I gather with my mates in the little cabin aft, to devour huge meals of pickled beef, boiled peas, and adamantine biscuit, washed down by copious draughts of weak tea, well sugared.

Of nights I play a hand, perhaps, at half-penny nap, and in the daytime, between meals, I amuse myself—when not asleep—by looking at the pictures in the magazines and papers which the port missionary threw on board as we crept out of dock.

Four or five days out, and we espy the glittering heights of Oraefa Jokull, the mighty ice-bound mountain that keeps watch and ward over the south-eastern coast of Iceland. Thence we steam westward along the desolate, burnt, volcanic southern coast until

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Hauling in the net. Around the "bag"—the tail end of the net—circle crowds of ravenous gulls, knowing that there will soon be something for them to eat.

abreast, perhaps, of the Portland Blow Hole — a huge natural arch beaten by the waves out of a projecting cliff — when the skipper rings off the engines and gives orders to shoot the trawl.

All is hurry and bustle. But the gear has long been in readiness, and in a very short space of time the net is overboard, the steel warps have run out, and the trawler is cruising slowly round and about, with the great, wide-mouthed trawl dragging cumbrously over the bottom of the sea some three or four hundred yards astern.

For a couple of hours we tow the net behind us. Then the skipper leans from the wheel-house window and gives the word to haul.

Noisily the winch clatters round, coiling the tight-stretched warps, until at length the mouth of the trawl has been hauled up alongside. With half-a-dozen of my mates, I rush to the side of the vessel and peer anxiously across the water. For a moment there is nothing to be seen. Then suddenly a patch of the dark water turns pale green, and 'midst a bubbling swirl up comes the "bag" — the tail end of the net—with a rush, and leaps above the surface. Down come the circling gulls with a swoop, eager for the sand eels which the fish, tight-packed in the floating bag, eject in their discomfort.

As the bag lies there upon the surface, some little distance from the side, I lay hold, with my mates, of the slack of the net.

"Hi-i-i *up* with it, *up* and *up* again," sings the

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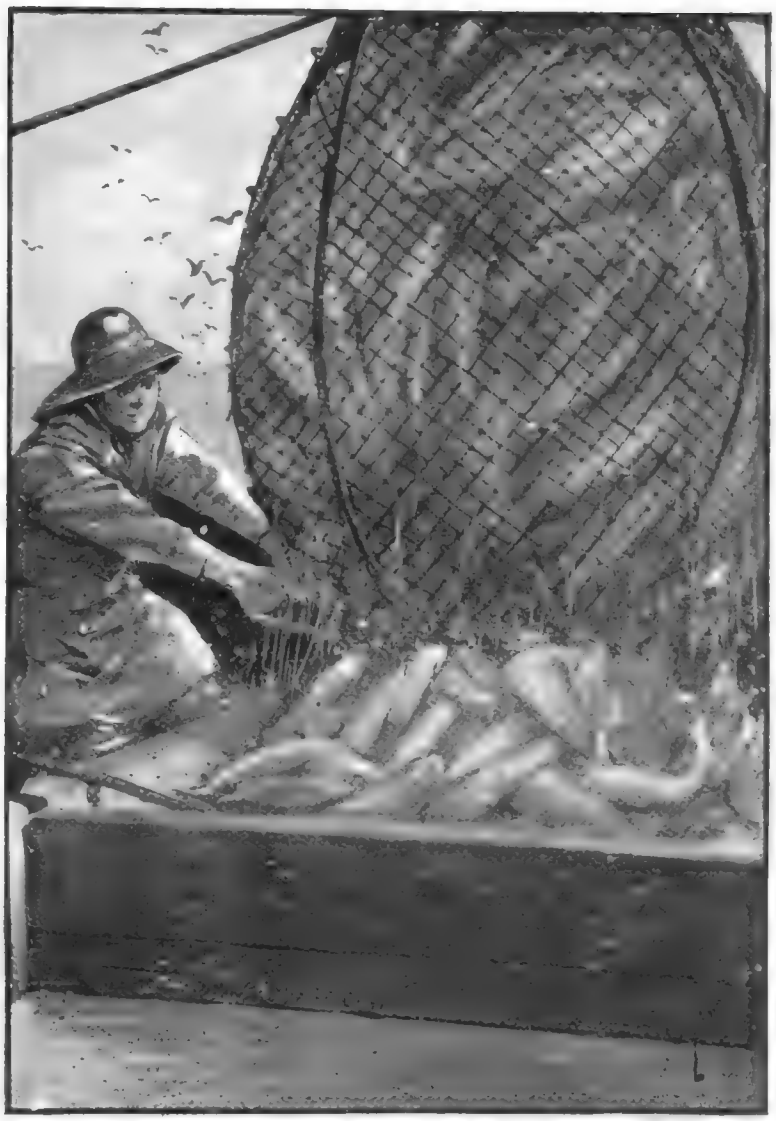
skipper overhead, and with many a lusty tug and heave, we haul the catch alongside.

Tackle is twisted quickly round, again the winch clatters noisily, and slowly the huge bag, bursting almost with its silvery load, is dragged from the water, higher and higher, till it swings over the side, and hangs dripping—a solid mass of fish inclosed in stout hempen mesh—over the fore deck.

The mate steps forward and pulls the rope that ties the tail end of the bag. The knot gives, and with a sudden *boost* down comes an avalanche of flapping, struggling fish upon the fore deck. Armed with a sharp knife, my legs thrust into sea boots, I wade knee-deep into the slippery mass, and along with my mates begin the weary task of cleaning.



The mate unfastens the bag and the fish fall in shoals upon the deck, when the operation of cleaning is commenced at once.

Each fish as I catch it up I slit with one stroke of my knife. Then I remove the insides, throwing all but the liver overboard to the ravenous gulls that hover, raucous, all around me; the liver I throw into a basket, whence it will be transferred later to jars.

This done, the body I throw on one side, the various kinds of fish being sorted into different pounds. The cod I throw to a mate, who cuts off their heads, and passes the bodies on to a couple of "splitters." These slit them open, lay them flat, and, after cutting out a portion of the backbone, throw them on one side ready for salting. For hours on end the work continues; every man working furiously, with scarcely a moment's pause to straighten himself from his stooping position. Ere one load of fish has been disposed of another has been hauled on board and let loose upon the deck. My back aches, my arms are stiff with the strain upon them, and I feel as though I must drop where I stand amongst the gasping fish.

Still the work goes on, till at last the skipper suspends his towings for the night. The last fish cleaned, and the waiting piles washed

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with the hose, the spoil must be collected in baskets and taken below to be iced or salted, as the case may be. Then and not till then am I free to turn in. For sixteen hours or more, maybe, I have been working at fever pitch with scarce a spell for food or rest. Stiffly I crawl into my bunk and sleep like a log for a few hours, till the mate routs me out for another weary round of toil.

Sheer toil is the deep-sea fisherman's daily lot when trawling, with naught but the change in the weather to vary its monotony. Outward bound and homeward bound, his labour is lessened, but then the dullness of his life is even more marked.

The ever-changing sea he has, of course, always with him, to occupy his thoughts, even if it be but unconsciously. But otherwise his resources are few. Very seldom can he read or write, and since for every three days that he spends on shore he is three weeks or more at sea, it follows that for conversation or interchange of ideas he has but little scope.

Yarns there are, told of nights in the cabin and the wheel-house, of strange doings on the high seas, of life in Drury Lane and Seven Dials (for a large percentage of fishermen are London born—sent to sea as boys from reformatories) of rowdy frolics in Hell's Kitchen and other choice taverns of Grimsby and Hull; but even to these there is a limit.

Like the soldier, the fisherman has but little knowledge of the real social influence and position of women. Generally, however, he is a married man, whose wife draws a portion of his pay while he is at sea, and keeps him straight when he returns to port. And lucky is the fisherman so situated.

But uneventful as in the ordinary way life on a smack or a steam trawler may seem to be, its monotony sometimes is broken by such happenings as rarely the landsman has to face. It may be that, while trespassing within the three-mile limit, round yonder bend may suddenly appear the gunboat that protects the fisheries. Down swoops the dreaded warship upon us like a hawk upon its prey, and a sorry figure does our delinquent skipper cut, when a stern, sharp-spoken officer boards us.

Useless to attempt flight; the gunboat will steam eighteen knots with ease to the trawler's laboured ten, and a shot fired across our bows, if disregarded, may be followed by a second that will knock our funnel away, and leave us maimed and helpless, floating idly at our pursuer's mercy.

Then, too, the sea is a fickle mistress, whose smile is not seldom the precursor of her frown. Often and often does the fisherman have to face imminent death when battling with a storm. And to watch the Atlantic in an angry mood from the shelter of a frail craft that is now tossed sky-high, as it seems, on the crest of a huge billow, now dropped in the trough of immense seas that tower aloft like great opaque walls of water, threatening to engulf her completely, is to receive a lesson in one's own insignificance which is worth all the sermons that were ever preached in Christendom.

Fearful is the scene of confusion that greets me as I stumble up from below. Framed in the doorway of the wheel-house atop of the engine casing, the skipper, clutching tight the reeling woodwork, in stentorian tones is shouting frantic directions to the crew. Even as I step out of the galley, a sea crashes, gigantic, over the side. In a moment, as I tighten my grip of the galley door, and stoop to meet the coming onslaught, the great wave hits me, not with a mere splash of drenching water, but with the stunning force of heavy metal. And as I reel before the shock, a mad eddy of water swirls round me waist-high and almost sweeps me off my feet.

Dire need of sturdy legs and clenching grip! Overboard in such a sea and the strongest swimmer is past rescue in an instant.

Now, pointing her nose to the sky, the trawler, with decks strangely aslant, climbs laboriously up the steep sea that with terrifying speed and immensity rushes to meet her. Perched for a moment on the summit, my eye roves over the wide expanse of angry ocean: a dreary waste of water, dull-hued and lowering, flecked with savage foam, turbulent and wrathful. No sign of living thing in sight. Rimming the troubled waters the horizon stretches unbroken. Solitary beneath the leaden dome of storm-swept sky that impends above, the frail craft battles on.

Now her nose dips, and she plunges headlong forward and downwards—down hill, one might almost put it. As I gaze astern, I see the great sea, on the crest of which we have just been riding, rushing forth from under her keel and streaming madly onward and upward till I seem to be gazing up the steep side of a mountainous hill of grey, hissing, seething water. To illustrate the sublime by the ridiculous, it is as though one were to stand at the foot of the "chute" at Earl's Court and imagine a flood-tide ascending its acutely pitched slope.

More terrifying even than the crest is the trough of the sea. Great walls of water, solid, massive, and opaque, cold and grey,

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A trawler in a storm. The waves rise mountain high, sweeping the deck again and again. The fishermen have to cling to the rigging to save themselves from being washed overboard, so terrific is the impact of the water.

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yet boiling in their turbulence, tower stupendous on every hand. They rear themselves up above us mast-high, and threaten, curling over, to descend like an avalanche. But at the critical moment, just as I wait, almost with stopped heart, for my imminent doom, the good ship climbs boldly up the seemingly perpendicular wall, and bobbing, cork-like, over the ridge, drops unstable into another watery hollow.

Clinging fast to the hand-rail of the engine-casing, and bracing myself at every few steps to withstand the shock of the seas that break incessantly over, I manage to crawl aloft to the wheel-house, where skipper and mate, gripping tight the wheel, are watching the storm with anxious eyes, and guiding the helpless ship as best they can.

Terrifying, appalling, is the prospect from the wheel-house windows; especially when a homeward-bound trawler meets the storm. Stored beneath the fore-deck there will be some thirty tons and more of fish, and consequently the trawler's bows will be low in the water. At every stroke of the propeller, then, she plunges forward, driving her nose into the seas ahead, instead of riding over them. And as she does so, a rush of wild water surges over the bows and careers madly down the length of the ship.

But not always does the trawler brave successfully the fury of the Atlantic blast. Low lying and treacherous, scarce visible even in clear weather, there are parts of the desolate Icelandic coast on to which the fisherman may drift in dirty weather while fondly imagining himself far out at sea.

Terrible then is my plight. Tossed about, like a cockle boat, before the savage gale, helpless to fight the wrathful elements, I know myself to be drifting nearer and nearer to the horrid shore. The murky gloom that surrounds me my eyes cannot penetrate; momentarily I expect to hear the grating crunch of the keel upon the rocks.

Impossible to launch the boat. An attempt is made, but before even a single man can leap into her a great sea catches her up, and smashes her like an eggshell against the ship's side.

Nothing remains but to cling fast—and wait. Long ago the wheel has been abandoned. No word is exchanged among us. Amidst the din of the storm the hoarsest shout would scarce be heard. White-faced, with clenched teeth and starting eyes, we hang tenacious to whatever will give us support, and await the approaching end.

Lurching clumsily, with a heavy list to port that sets the decks steeply aslant, the battered ship is driven blindly on. In a moment, as I cling to the starboard deck-house, before and beneath me there looms up with fearful suddenness, a dim, black mass half smothered in a seething maelstrom of lashing foam. Even as it comes athwart my affrighted gaze, a grinding crash rends the air with a hideous noise that rises even above the thunder of the gale.

Struck! A shudder runs through the groaning frame of the ship. Half jerked from my lodgment by the terrific shock, my body is twisted violently. As I wrench myself round, an upward glance shows me a mighty sea reared mountain high overhead. Colossal it rushes on, flings itself up, and seems to curl its fretted crest right over me. For a moment—a minute it seems—it stays there, tremendous. Instinctively I clench my fingers yet tighter. Then a blow, as from some Titan's sledge-hammer, is dealt me.

My feeble grip is wrenched loose, a choking sensation nearly overpowers me, and I feel myself swept irresistibly away in a racing onward rush.

The lifebuoy round me brings me to the surface. Half stunned, half choked, I am scarce conscious of what has happened to me. My terror has gone; so almost insensible am I that the only emotion of which my failing senses are capable is a meditative curiosity as to what will happen to me. Submerged again beneath an oncoming breaker, the choking sensation grips my chest yet tighter. Instinctively I fight for breath, till suddenly black darkness envelops me, and I know no more.

Flung up on the beach by the disdainful sea, I wake, bruised and battered, to consciousness again. For long I lie oblivious of anything save sheer weariness.

Slowly returning vitality stirs my brain. I recollect the nightmare of the storm and wreck. But powerless to move my aching limbs, I lie exhausted. My fate exercises me not at all. Death may come for all I care. To lie where I am in peace is the one idea of which my weak thoughts are capable.

* * * * *

The dweller on the deep seas!

Truly he sees things not as others see them, no matter whether he be fisherman, merchant seaman, or A.B. He is a man under a spell. But define the spell, describe it in cold, commonplace words—that is not possible, I fear.

If you cannot of your own self be sensible of it, there is no man living who can in speech or writing describe to you

> "The beauty and the mystery of the ships,
> And the magic of the sea."

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JIU-JITSU

First movement of a throw. The attacker—the man on the right—seizes his opponent by the coat and arm in such a way that he could break the latter by a simple twist.

The Wonderful Japanese Art that can Make the Weak Equal to the Strong. Jiu-Jitsu is now being Taught in the British Army, and to the Members of the London City Police Force.

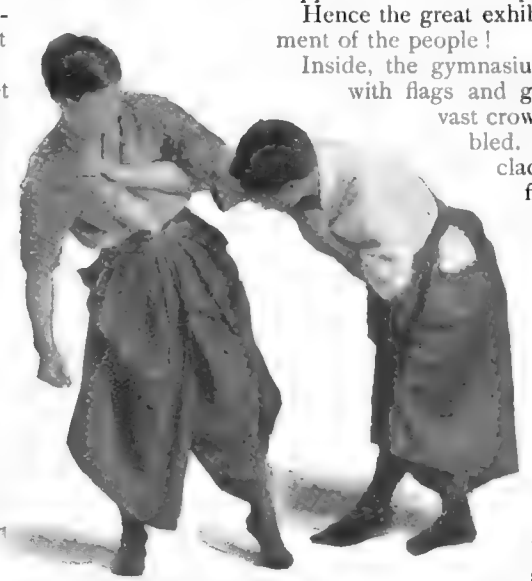
By Bertram Stower.

On a certain day, some ten years ago, many men and women, clad in bright *kimonos*, were crowding into one of the military gymnasiums in Tokyo. The occasion was a memorable one, a day that in Japan was to be long marked in letters of gold. For the Mikado had challenged the national exercise of his people, and commanded that the most redoubtable wrestler of Tokyo should meet at the military gymnasium a little man skilled in a "new" art.

Very little was known by the people of this "new" art other than it was called *jiu-jitsu*, and had been of old practised by the *samurai*, or hereditary military classes, and the nobility. With them, so it was said, proficiency in the art had once been their greatest pride. Even the women had become experts in *jiu-jitsu*, and it had made them as redoubtable as their husbands. Some spoke of it as a magical secret that would make the feeble equal to the strong. Others said, that for many years it had not been practised, and that the Mikado wished to revive it, in order that it should supplant the national sport of wrestling.

Hence the great exhibition, and the excitement of the people!

Inside, the gymnasium is gaily decorated with flags and gorgeous bunting. A vast crowd has already assembled. The majority are clad in *kimonos*, loose, flowing gowns, and carry fans in their hands. On a gorgeously carved chair sits the Mikado, attired in admiral's uniform; and around him are gathered high officers of the army and many peers and peeresses.



By outstretching his right arm the attacker holds his antagonist helpless while getting into position to throw him

In the centre of the building is the arena, a mat-covered inclosure, wherein the

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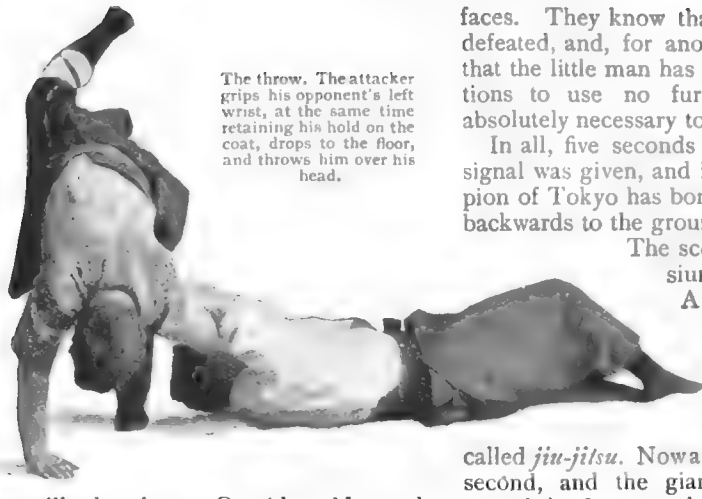


The throw. The attacker grips his opponent's left wrist, at the same time retaining his hold on the coat, drops to the floor, and throws him over his head.

contest will take place. On either side, each seated on a cushion and holding a double-winged fan, with which to signal the beginning of the contest, are the two judges.

A hush falls on the brilliant throng as the foremost champion of Tokyo enters the arena. He is a fine man, this one can see at a glance—a veritable giant amongst Japanese. Trained from boyhood to become a wrestler, it seems well nigh impossible that he can suffer defeat from the little Asiatic who is hastening towards the arena. The latter differs vastly from his opponent. In height he is at least a foot shorter, and the muscles of his arm look pigmy in comparison with those of his adversary.

Derisive laughter comes from the crowd, in which all but the *samurai* and nobles join. A look of pride rests on their faces, whilst their wives wave fans and smile encouragement on the little man. But of this he needs none, and, making obeisance before the Mikado, he steps briskly into the arena, and boldly faces the vast audience.

All eyes rest curiously on him. He is a clever man, this Japanese, small, it is true, but still in height an average Japanese. There is an alert expression about his face. Every movement that he makes is amazingly rapid. One moment his eyes scan quickly the faces of the audience, the next take in the towering form of his opponent from head to foot.

The signal is given. Instantly the champion of Tokyo, the idol of his people, flies forward. His is a quick move, well calculated to take his small opponent unawares. Apparently it succeeds; already the little man is struggling in the clutch of the giant wrestler.

A smile of contempt lurks on the nobles' faces. They know that the wrestler will be defeated, and, for another thing, they know that the little man has received strict injunctions to use no further violence than is absolutely necessary to insure his winning.

In all, five seconds have passed since the signal was given, and in that time the champion of Tokyo has borne his small opponent backwards to the ground.

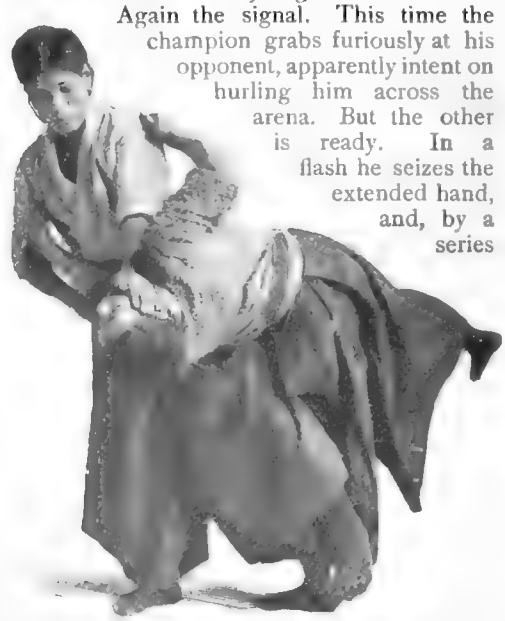
The scene inside the gymnasium is one of wildest riot. A few minutes before the spectators had feared that their national sport might fall before the strange art men called *jiu-jitsu*. Now all has changed. Another second, and the giant wrestler will have scored the first round. From end to end the crowd is shrieking. Even the champion joins in, confident of his impending victory.

Suddenly the uproar ceases. An unheard of change has come over the scene. By some mysterious means the small Japanese has rendered his powerful antagonist helpless!

The first triumph has fallen to *jiu-jitsu*.

Both combatants rise to their feet. The champion of Tokyo is flushed and dazed, whilst his opponent seems as calm and unruffled as when the fray began.

Again the signal. This time the champion grabs furiously at his opponent, apparently intent on hurling him across the arena. But the other is ready. In a flash he seizes the extended hand, and, by a series



Another form of throw. The attacker ceizes his adversary by the shoulder, and, pressing his hand on his cheek, swings him over his hip to the ground. The adversary cannot resist without breaking his leg or suffering an injury to his spine.

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The attacker parries what might be a fatal blow below the belt by breaking his opponent's neck and wrist, striking them with the edges of his open hands.

of movements, beyond the power of human eyes to follow, the giant dives clean over the other's shoulders, and is left lying prostrate and half-dazed upon the matted floor.

Breathless silence follows the defeat of the popular hero. Only the nobles applaud, and gaze in admiration at their Mikado, who has shown so plainly to the people that what he wishes to introduce is something greater and more valuable than mere wrestling.

The scene I have just described was one of several tests commanded by the Mikado to prove to his subjects the advantages of *jiu-jitsu*. Three, or at the most, four of such exhibitions sufficed to convince the nation that no wrestler in the world could withstand this new art. From that time wrestling quickly died out, until to-day *jiu-jitsu* has become the national exercise of Japan.

Jiu-jitsu, as it is commonly called, means "the excellent secret of art." In olden days, when it was known and practised exclusively by the *samurai* and nobility, it was called *tai-jitsu*, which, translated, means "the secret of the body."

In a few words it may be summed up as the art that enables the weak to overcome the strong. Mere physical strength is of little importance—skill and quickness are everything.

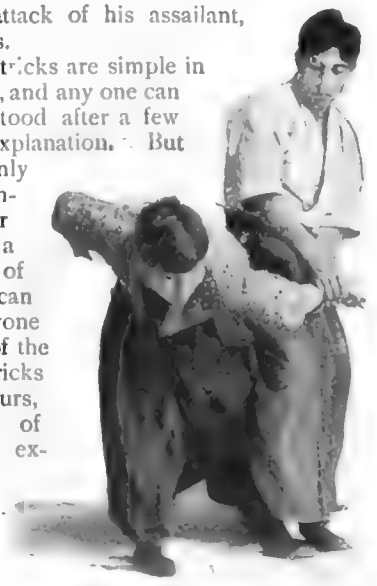
It has been shown that no form of wrestling can withstand the science of *jiu-jitsu*. But what is still more remarkable, no prize-fighter, however skilled, could hope to hold the faintest chance against an expert in the art. No matter how hard and furiously the boxer hits out, the *jiu-jitsushi*, or master, would quickly seize and dislocate his arms. The means by which this feat is accomplished consists partly in possessing a thorough knowledge of every weak spot in the human body. The expert in *jiu-jitsu* can, with a single swift blow with the edge of his hand, break a man's spine, dislocate his wrist or ankles—in fact, kill him with the most perfect ease.

As an illustration of the principle of attacking a weak spot in the body, the Japanese policeman of to-day, when arresting an unruly ruffian, first strikes him on the elbow. He knows precisely where the "funny-bone" is located, with the result that the blow causes a temporary paralysis of the prisoner's arm. It is then simple for the officer to employ another of the secrets, and, before the law-breaker has time to recover, to seize him in such a fashion that he has either to follow passively or for a certainty have his arm broken.

In all, the *jiu-jitsu* consists of forty-two "tricks," grouped in no particular order, and in no way necessitating that any one should follow the next on the list. Whichever trick the *jiu-jitsushi* thinks will meet best the attack of his assailant, he employs.

All the tricks are simple in application, and any one can be understood after a few minutes' explanation. But this is only the beginning, for although a professor of *jiu-jitsu* can teach anyone the whole of the forty-two tricks in three hours, the course of instruction extends over a period of three years.

Practice is everything, and agility,



By pressing simultaneously on every sensitive part of his opponent's hand, a sudden twist of the arm and a light kick backwards against his opponent's knee, the attacker has his adversary at his mercy.

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both of mind and body, the one end that the student should always keep in view. He must be able to think and act in one breath, an attainment which in time is so completely acquired as to become involuntary.

The first drill for the acquiring of agility that the Japanese novice in *jiu-jitsu* must face is somewhat severe. Two bamboo poles, fastened and controlled by ropes, are stood in such a position that, at a given signal, they fall crosswise, forming an "X." Beneath these stands the student, dodging either backwards or forwards in the endeavour to avoid the falling poles. Later on, when he has become more adept, the poles are increased in girth and weight, until, towards the close of the course, they are of the thickness of telegraph posts.

In this position the victor can strangle, break the arm, or, with his right knee, injure his opponent's back at will.

Enough has already been said to show what a terrible weapon *jiu-jitsu* would prove in the hands of a passionate or lawless man. To safeguard the people against such, the Japanese Government have passed a law, which is rigorously enforced, ordaining that *jiu-jitsu* must not be employed except in self-defence. Even this precaution is not considered sufficient. Before entering any one of the numerous *jiu-jitsu* schools in Tokyo, the student is required to take an oath never to practise the art in earnest except in defence of his life.

An attack from behind. Gripping wrist and neck, the assailant breaks the victim's back with his knee.

The second part of the training, which includes instruction as to the position of the most vulnerable parts of the body, is not necessarily revealed to every student. During the first course the instructor watches his pupil closely, and should he have any doubt as to his coolness and honesty, the more important secrets are withheld.

On the other hand, should the student prove faithful to his oath and reliable, the course is completed in three years, at the end of which time he receives a diploma, permitting him to become a teacher of the art.

Either in defensive or offensive tactics, throwing is one of the foremost features of *jiu-jitsu*. There are two methods of doing this—above the head, or over the shoulders. Except in the event of desperate emergency, the latter is never resorted to, as it almost invariably results in death to the party thrown.

From *jiu-jitsu*, as a means of dealing death, it is pleasant to turn to *jiu-jitsu* as a means of restoring life. In cases of loss of sense, either through a sudden blow (provided the skull be not fractured), or suffocation, the expert in *jiu-jitsu* can restore to life in a well-nigh miraculous manner.

The first care of the *jiu-jitsushi* is to place the unconscious person in a sitting position, with the legs straight out in front of him, and both hands hanging down. He next presses both his own hands hard into the hollow on either side of the patient's collar-bone, and with his right hand knocks forcibly on the third rib and the bones of the back. This usually restores consciousness. Afterwards great care must be taken not to let the invalid drink any liquids whatever for at least two days, although solid foods may be given with impunity.

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Mother Moon Tells Another Exciting Story about Her Favourite Children, Desperado Bill and Laguna Lil.

By S. Bridge-Worth.

"To the jungle! To the jungle!"

The other evening I was shining brightly in the sky when this cry rose up to me. I knew at once from whose throats it came; though I daresay the owners of the throats had no idea that I was listening, for the sun was still blazing away in the West, and no one ever thinks of looking out for Mother Moon by daylight.

"The Pyjama Kids are running wild somewhere," I said to myself, and began to look about down in Essex. I soon saw the house where the Kids live; and then I saw the Kids themselves, tearing madly down the drive that runs towards the road, Desperado Bill wildly waving a hatchet over his head as he ran, and Laguna Lil wildly waving a dustpan and broom; and they were yelling at the tops of their voices: "To the jungle! To the jungle!"

"What in the world," I wondered, "are the Pyjama Kids up to now?"

I watched the two figures in amazement as they rushed along at full speed. As they came near the lodge gates, I heard Desperado Bill suddenly cry: "This way, Lil!" and saw him turn aside and dart up a little path leading through the wood beside the drive; Lil following.

"Forward!" cried Bill, waving his hatchet, "but carefully, on hands and knees, Lil, lest the Red Indians see us! We must blaze the trail to be sure of finding our path when we come back again," and with his hatchet, as he crept along, Bill slashed every now and then at the bushes and branches, marking the way.

"Better unsling your gun," whispered Lil, as she crept along on all fours, "for fear of tigers, you know," and I now saw that Bill had his wooden gun slung over his shoulder.

"Right," said Bill, and took his gun in his hand. "Have no fear, Lil, though the jungle *is* full of wild beasts. I saw a lion yesterday——"

"And there are elephants," said Lil, "and bears, and wolves, and eagles, and snakes—hist! What's that?"

It was a rabbit scuttling from a bush; and Bill had his gun to his shoulder in a twinkling.

"It's a wild cat," he whispered. "Stop still, Lil, while I fire. Bang!" he cried. "I've hit it, I do believe. Now forward again; but carefully; look out for man-traps!"

They crept cautiously on along the little path, stopping every now and then to peer under bushes for lions or tigers, or to fire at the eagles—which *I* thought were sparrows—in the tree-tops.

Presently the path opened out into a snug little dell, surrounded by trees. Here several trunks of trees that had been cut down lay on the ground; there was a pile of faggots that the woodcutters had made from twigs and little branches, and from the mossy grass tall bracken rose as high as the children's heads.

"Here," cried Bill, "is where we will build our jungle house. But, first, I must climb to the top of the look-out tree to see that no Red Indians are skulking about."

"And I'll sweep the floor," cried Lil, "and get it tidy." And while Desperado Bill swarmed up a fir tree, Lil fell to work with her dustpan and brush, sweeping up twigs and fir cones.

"All's quiet in the jungle," cried Bill from

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"To the Jungle! To the Jungle!"

the top of the tree. "There's a group of elephants feeding about ten miles away, and I can spy the fire from the enemy's wigwam rising above the trees in the distance—but we're safe enough for the time;" and he came sliding down the tree to earth again. "Now we'll plan our house," he said.

From his pockets, Desperado Bill produced a number of clothes pegs, and, putting down his gun and his hatchet, he began to run about, sticking the pegs in the ground—"to mark out the boundaries," as he explained to Lil.

Soon he had the house planned, and then he fell to work, clearing up the ground-floor, Lil helping. They cut down the bracken with the hatchet, swept away the dead sticks and leaves, and made a pile of all the fir cones, for Bill said they would come in useful for fires, later on.

Suddenly, in the midst of this work, the children heard footsteps approaching.

"Hist!" whispered Bill. "Down, for your life, Lil—here's a spy coming. Listen!" and Bill put his ear to the ground to hear the better. The footsteps drew nearer. "It's Jim!" cried Bill suddenly, "the gardener's boy. We'll take him prisoner, Lil, and make him a slave! Quick! Hide behind this tree-stump."

I watched with interest as the gardener's boy came swinging down the little path, whistling a merry tune. Bill and Lil crouching behind the tree-stump made no sound—and the gardener's boy walked straight into the ambush.

"Yield, on peril of your life!"

With a wild yell, Bill sprang from behind the stump, his hatchet waving in one hand, his gun in the other.

"Yield!" cried Lil, and sprang up too, brandishing her dustpan.

Jim, startled out of his wits, jumped a foot in the air, tripped over a root, and fell flat on his back, and in another moment Desperado Bill and Laguna Lil were seated on his chest.

"Now," said Bill coolly, gripping the astonished gardener's boy by the throat, "Jim, you must take your solemn word of honour never to tell of anything you may see. Promise that, and your life may be spared."

"I promise it, Master Bill, I promise it—le'me up, le'me up!" gasped the gardener's boy.

"And you'll be our faithful slave evermore? Promise that too, Jim," demanded Bill.

"I promise it, Master Bill—I'll swear any-

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thing you like, only let go my throat, and le'me up!"

"Arise, slave," said Bill, and rolled away off the boy's chest.

"And what may you be up to now, Master Bill?" inquired Jim, scrambling to his feet.

"We're going to build a house, Jim," answered Bill, "and you must help us. Here's the floor, you see, marked out by clothes pegs, here are the faggots for the walls, and here's plenty of fern for the thatched roof. Now mind you don't tell a soul, or it will be the worse for you!"

Jim said he could keep a secret as well as anyone, and promised he would come to help build the house every evening after his tea-time. He said the first thing to do was to put up a big stick in the middle of the ground floor to lean the faggots against, and he promised to bring one from the wood pile the next time he passed that way. "If you'll excuse me now, young gentleman," he said politely, "I'll come and help you to-morrow."

"Very well," said Desperado Bill. "You may go to your tea now, and mind you don't tell!"

So Jim went on his way to the lodge by the gate where his mother lived; and the Pyjama Kids, after finishing the work of cutting fern and sweeping up, shouldered their weapons and tools, and marched through the jungle, following the path that Bill had marked with his hatchet, till they came to the drive. Then they raced back to the house, looking over their shoulders every now and then, to make sure no Red Indians were following.

Some hours afterwards, when the sun had sunk and a few stars had begun to shine out to keep Mother Moon company in the sky, Mother Moon chanced to catch a glimpse of the Pyjama Kids sleeping in their beds, and she said to herself: "They are dreaming about the house they will build in the jungle!"

* * * * *

Next day, as soon as I had risen high enough in the sky, you may be sure I hastened to see how the Pyjama Kids' house was getting on. The Kids themselves were safely indoors by that time having their tea, but in the jungle, as they called the little wood beside the drive, signs of the house were clear enough. Jim, the gardener's boy, I could see, had been hard at work, and he had dug a trench where Desperado Bill had marked out the ground with pegs, and in the middle of the circle of pegs he had set up a

"All's quiet in the jungle," cried Bill.

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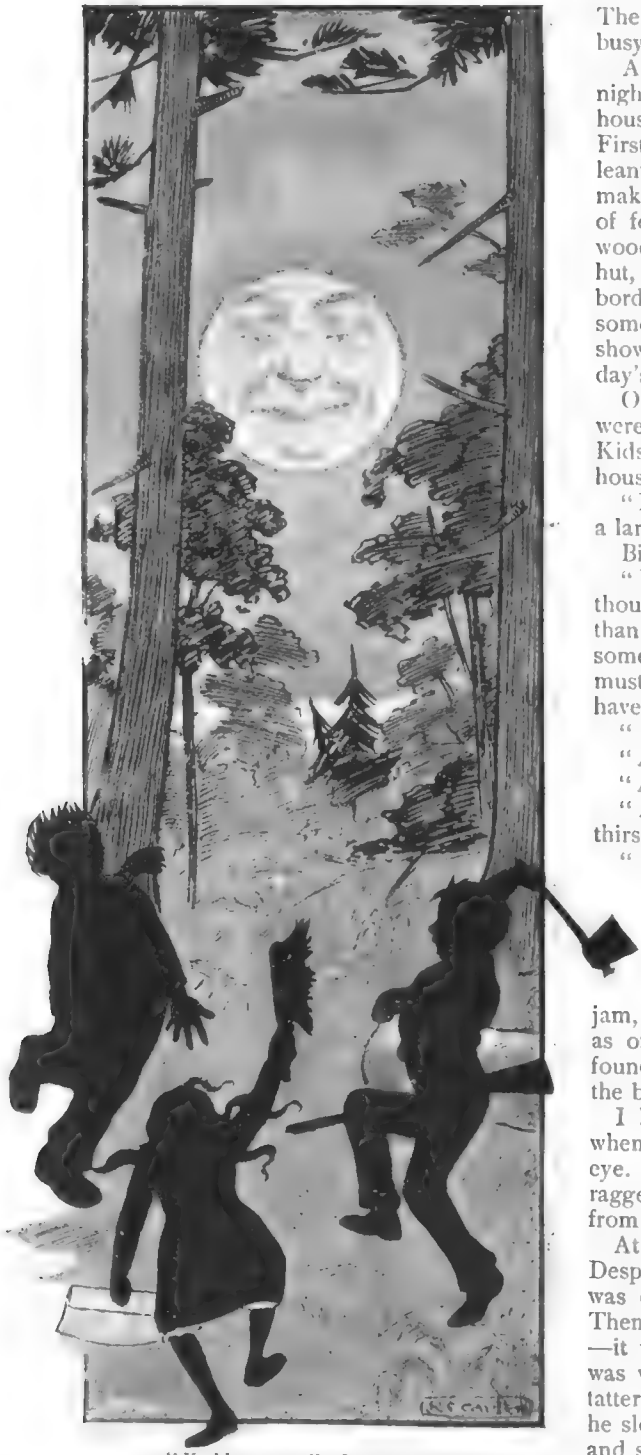

"Yield, on peril of your life!"

strong pole, from which a flag flew gaily. The house-builders, it was clear, had had a busy day.

After this, night after night for many nights, I looked with interest to see how the house had grown in the course of the day. First the faggots were set up in the trench, leaning with their tops against the pole to make the walls and roof; then a neat thatch of fern appeared; and then a kind of little woodland garden was laid out in front of the hut, white stones marking the paths and the border, in which the gardener's boy planted some nice flowers. Every night, in fact, showed me some fresh improvement that the day's work had made.

One night, when the house and garden were almost finished, I heard the Pyjama Kids talking in their beds in their proper house about their jungle retreat.

"Bill," I heard Lil say, "what's the use of a larder if it's always empty?"

Bill sat up in bed with a jump.

"Well, I declare," he exclaimed, "I never thought of that before. Lil, you're cleverer than I knew! We must ask cook to give us some food to keep in our house—but we mustn't let her know what it's for. We must have a loaf——"

"And some cake," chimed in Lil.

"And some sardines," suggested Bill.

"And some blackberry jam," added Lil.

"And a bottle of water, in case we are thirsty," went on Bill.

"*What* a lark!"

And on the following night, when I next peered into the hut in the jungle, I soon saw that the larder had, indeed, been stocked. The loaf, and the cake, and the sardine-box, the blackberry jam, and the bottle of water—all were there, as one of my moonbeams discovered who found its way through a crack in the lid of the box.

I had just finished examining the larder, when something else in the hut caught my eye. On the top of the bed of sacks, a ragged boy lay fast asleep! I nearly dropped from the sky when I saw him.

At first I thought the boy must be Desperado Bill—until I remembered that *he* was cosily tucked up in his own little cot. Then I saw the boy's face was very different—it was pale and pinched; his black hair was wet and matted; his clothes were in tatters and shreds. As I looked down at him, he slowly opened his eyes, stretched his arms, and sat up, staring around him.

The poor boy!—he looked so pale and

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hungry that I longed to tell him of the good store of food in the Pyjama Kids' larder. I could see that he was crying; for as he sat on the heap of sacks, with his elbows on his drawn-up knees, his little frame shook with sobs. But presently he stopped crying, tumbled on to his feet, and began to examine the inside of the hut. I saw him raise the lid of the larder-box—and it would have done your heart good to see how his eyes glistened when he saw the big cake on the top of the other fine things.

What a feast he made, that poor beggar-boy! First, he ate a good half of the cake, and then, with his fingers, he pulled the sardines out of their box, and ate a dozen of them in a twinkling of an eye; then he broke a crust off the loaf, and poured some jam on to it, and ate that up; and then he had a little more cake, and a few more sardines, and another crust with jam; and then he ended up by pouring half the bottle of water down his thirsty throat. His feast finished, he lay down on the sacks again, pulled the old rug over him, and dropped instantly off to sleep.

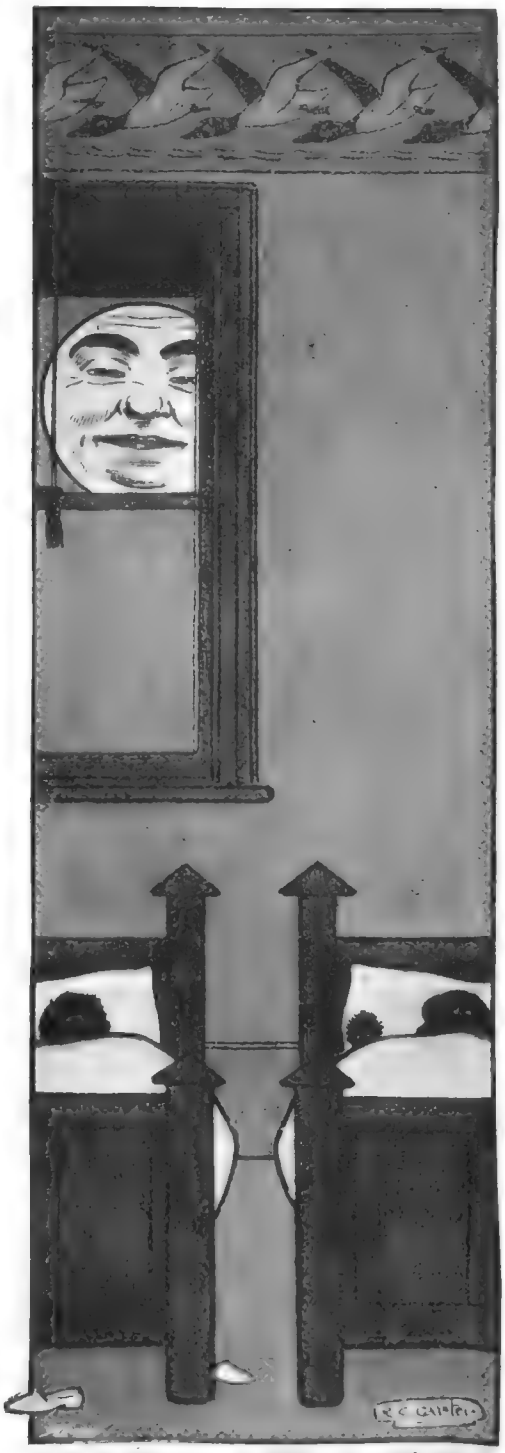
You would have cried and laughed together to have seen him. Mother Moon, watching from the sky, felt, at once, very sad and very glad.

I watched the lad sleeping on his bed of sacks, until the dawn broke, and it was time for me to give place to Father Sun.

The loud singing of a blackbird in the wood awoke the boy at last. He rose with a start, rubbed his eyes, and then, after a drink from the water-bottle, and after stuffing his pockets full with the remainder of the feast he had so enjoyed in the middle of the night, he crept out of the hut, and made his way down the little path through the children's jungle, till he came to the lodge gates. Clambering over, he ran down the road, and in a few minutes, disappeared beyond the reach of my moonbeams.

Now, I would give a good deal to know two things. One is, what the Pyjama Kids thought when they found their larder had been raided when they went to their hut on the next morning; the other is, what the beggar-lad did with himself throughout the day. But this, I suppose, I shall never know.

Whatever the Pyjama Kids thought about their raided larder, however, they stocked it again next day; and whatever the beggar-lad did with himself in the sunny summer hours, he came back to the house in the jungle at moon-rise. For when I rose over Essex on the next night, there was the beggar-boy, seated beside the log in the faggot-built hut,



"They are dreaming about the house they will build in the jungle."

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What a feast he made, that poor beggar boy!

eating bread and cheese, and apples, and jam, and drinking from the bottle of water; and I was glad to see that he seemed less pale and pinched than before, and that he laughed often to himself as he feasted.

"The Pyjama Kids," thought Mother Moon, "are doing some good in the world at last!"

* * * * *

"Lil, let us go to the jungle-house and see for ourselves who feeds off our larder!"

"Oh, Bill, what would mother say?"

"She would think we were very brave to go—*come!*"

And Desperado Bill leapt out of his cot and ran to pull Laguna Lil from hers.

It was about nine o'clock on the third night after the beggar-boy had first come to the jungle-house. I had just looked through the window into the bedroom where the Pyjama Kids slept, to find them wide awake, and talking, in high excitement, about the mystery of their vanished larder. I knew that for the third time they had again stocked their box that day; and I knew that the poor beggar-boy had again stolen back to the hut for his third feast. It was very exciting work for me—watching and wondering what would happen next.

"*Come!*" said Desperado Bill, and pulled Laguna Lil from her cot. They didn't trouble about clothes. Bill peered out into the passage to see that all was quiet in the house. Then, hand-in-hand, they stole down the staircase, darted for the hall door, and in another moment were running like hares down the drive towards the lodge gates, looking, in my white moonrays, for all the world like two frightened ghosts.

As they neared the path that led to their jungle, suddenly the figure of Jim, the gardener's boy, appeared before them.

"Hullo, Jim," cried Desperado Bill. "What are *you* up to?"

They pulled up before him.

"Oh, if you plaze, Master Bill, there's a beggar-boy in the jungle-'ouse, and 'e's eatin' your larder! I see'd 'im with my own eyes not a minute ago!"

Jim's eyes seemed bulging out of his head in excitement. He told the Pyjama Kids how he had crept round to the hut to see if anyone were there, and how he had been so startled when he saw the beggar-lad munching at the bread and cheese they had put in the larder box that morning, that he had run to raise the alarm.

Jim said he knew the boy quite well. He said his name was Stiggins—that his mother

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had died the week before—and that he had run away from his step-father, who beat him; and everyone in the neighbourhood had been wondering what had happened to him.

"Let's go and see him," said Desperado Bill, at the end of Jim's story. "P'rhaps he hasn't had enough to eat. We'll all go together."

And the three marched down the little garden path that led to their hut—Jim, the gardener's boy, in front, Laguna Lil next, and Desperado Bill last, his wooden sword in his hand.

When they came to the hut, Bill whispered to the gardener's boy:

"Tell him not to be frightened—say we're friends."

And the gardener's boy thumped the faggots, and called out cheerily:

"Young Stiggins there! There's nothing to be a-feared of. We be your friends!"

Then he pulled aside the faggot that served as door to the hut, and the three went in.

Now, I have not been the Moon for all these hundreds of thousands of years without seeing many strange sights—but seldom have I watched anything more touching than the scene in the Pyjama Kids' jungle hut. When my moonbeams found their way through the roof, there was the beggar-boy finishing his meal, while Desperado Bill and his sister and the gardener's boy sat before him on the log, encouraging him to eat, asking him questions, and telling him not to be afraid. I could have wept to see it!

When the beggar-boy had finished the last mouthful of his dinner, Bill said: "Now you must come and see our Uncle George!"

Their Uncle George, at that moment, was, as I knew, finishing *his* dinner, all alone in the dining-hall of the house. But the beggar-boy had no wish to go to see him.

"Come along," said Desperado Bill, holding out a hand to his new friend. "Don't be afraid—Uncle George won't eat you!"

"Come along," said Laguna Lil encouragingly, "I'll hold your other hand."

"Cheer up, boy Stiggins," said the gardener's boy, and gave the beggar-lad a friendly smack on the back.

So, with Bill and Lil pulling at his hands, and with the gardener's boy pushing behind, the little waif was brought unwillingly out of the hut, and dragged and pushed down the little jungle-path that led to the drive.

You may imagine with what amusement Mother Moon watched the party making its way up the drive to the house.

At the front door, Bill said, "Now, Jim,

Then, hand-in-hand, they stole down the staircase.

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You may imagine with what amusement Mother Moon watched the party making its way up the drive to the house.

you wait here, while we go in to see Uncle George." And Bill and Lil marched the beggar-boy into the house across the hall, and, throwing open the dining-room door, ushered him into the presence of their Uncle George—who was in the act of raising a glass of port to his lips.

"'Pon my word!" exclaimed Uncle George, when he saw the group in the doorway, and the glass slipped from his hand. "'Pon my word!" he exclaimed again—"What have we here?"

"Please," cried Bill and Lil together, dragging the unwilling boy Stiggins into the room after them, "please, this is boy Stiggins, whose mother has died, and who has run away from his step-father because he beats him—and he's been sleeping at nights in our house in the jungle!"

"'Pon my word!" exclaimed Uncle George for the third time. "Well, if this doesn't beat everything!"

Now, to tell how Uncle George, very kindly and very gently, began to question the three children, until, bit by bit, he managed to put the whole story together; how Jim, the gardener's boy, was then called in, and his advice asked as to what could be done for poor Stiggins; how Batts, the butler, was then summoned, and *his* advice taken; how, at the end of all the questions and answers and suggestions, the boy Stiggins was finally taken home by Jim, the gardener's boy, and was put to bed by Jim's mother in a snug room in the lodge; to tell, too, what Uncle George said to the Pyjama Kids about their moonlight escapade, and how afterwards he carried them up to bed on his shoulders; to tell what their mother said when she was told the story, and what their nurse said when *she* was told—all this would take up far more time than Mother Moon can spare.

But you will like to know that although the Pyjama Kids surely deserved to be punished very much for running out of doors at bed-time, no one thought of it except myself—because everyone was thinking what a good thing it was they had found the poor beggar boy. But their Uncle George gave orders for the jungle-hut to be pulled down. "For," said he, "upon my word, all the beggars in the county will come to sleep there!"

And if you would like to know what happened to the beggar boy, you had better go to stay at the home of the Pyjama Kids, and keep a sharp eye on your boots when they go to be cleaned. For then you will see young Stiggins—and I can promise you that he will be looking as happy as a lord.

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Picture Paragraphs.

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This apple was gathered from a tree in the garden of a Birmingham suburb.

AN APPLE'S QUEER FACE.

FRUIT and vegetables whose shapes, by a stretch of the imagination, can be thought to resemble persons or things to a slight degree, are not uncommon, but it is seldom that such a perfect representation of a face, as that on the apple in the photograph, is found. It is really almost a speaking likeness of a Chinaman, the almond-shaped eyes being particularly well defined.

This apple grew on a tree in a garden at Edgbaston, Birmingham. The tree is a very old one of the pippin variety. When the apple was gathered it was quite green and apparently not fully grown, for one side was better developed than the other. It showed no signs of being likely to increase in size.

The sepals — which compose the little crown usually found at the top of apples, opposite the stalk—were in this case at the side, and formed the mouth of the Chinaman; the eyes and nose consisted of irregularities on the surface of the apple. On one side of the fruit which does not show in the picture is a small indentation at the place where properly an ear would be.

With the addition of a pigtail and a Chinese hat the resemblance to a Chinaman would be complete.

BUILDING A GASOMETER.

THE methods of building adopted in America are to a great extent very different from those employed in this country. The framework is first erected, and then the bricklayers commence their duties. A good specimen of this style of building is shown in the picture below.

The building in course of construction is a gasometer at Gloucester, Massachusetts, a busy township on the Atlantic Coast, extensively engaged in fisheries and navigation, and not many miles from Boston.

Unlike the custom obtaining in this country, the roof was first built on a trestle, the circumference of which was the same as the inside circumference of the wall. As the roof was raised, so the wall was erected to protect the structure from the wind.

In order that the work might be accomplished as quickly as possible, a large number of men were constantly employed either laying bricks, or erecting the scaffolding on a scale far more elaborate than builders in this country would consider necessary.

It will be noticed that the materials of which the American gasometer is constructed are entirely different from those used in this country, where iron is employed instead of brickwork; the roof, too, is of a dissimilar shape.

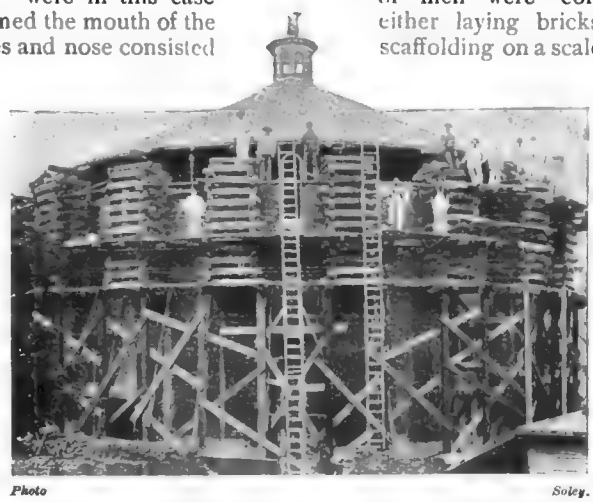

Photo *Soley.*

An American gasometer—the roof was built before the walls.

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HOW INDIANS TRAVEL.

Photo *Canadian Pacific Railway.*

Indians of the North-West Territory on a journey.

THOUGH every year the ramifications of that gigantic enterprise, the Canadian Pacific Railway, are becoming more far-reaching, there are still vast tracts of country where the iron road is quite unknown. Nor in these desolate spots are there navigable rivers, so that methods of transport and locomotion are in an extremely primitive condition.

The tribes of Indians who are to be found here grow the greater portion of their supplies, but they add to them by journeying sometimes to the nearest town on the railway where they barter pieces of wood-carving, moccasins, and other specimens of native work, for stores sent up from the coast.

There is always a big demand for specimens of native arts and crafts for sale in towns. Some of the work turned out by both men and women is really of very high quality and artistically finished, bright colours being used whenever possible.

Instead of one man going off by himself to the town, his wife and family accompany him. Indian gallantry is unlike that of ourselves, so the the husband rides while his squaw walks. To each side of the pony's saddle is attached a long pole, trailing on the ground, and to these the merchandise is secured, as well as the papoose (baby) which seems to enjoy the ride, apparently being quite indifferent to the bumping of the poles as they drag jerkily along the uneven track.

Gustave Nagel, in the costume he adopts for his no clothes cure.

THE NO CLOTHES CURE.

LAST summer the No Hat craze was started, and gained a considerable number of followers, who formed themselves into a No Hat Brigade, with a view to receiving the full benefits of Nature upon their heads. Gustave Nagel, however, goes further than this, and in order to improve his health has dispensed with all clothing save such as is required by law.

When a child, Nagel was very delicate, and as he grew up he became a chronic invalid. His parents spent large sums of money upon medicine and in doctor's bills, but all to no avail; still the weakness remained. Nagel then got the idea that if he lived more as Nature originally intended us to live there might be some hope for him. He resolved, at any rate, to give the experiment a trial.

First of all he dispensed with all but one article of clothing, and then lived outdoors, subsisting on raw foods only, without meat. During the early part of his experiment he suffered severely, but he would not give in—it was to be either kill or cure.

The result now is that all traces of weakness are entirely gone. He sleeps on the ground in all weathers. When he bathes he does not dry himself. He considers that hair is a protection provided by Nature, so allows it to grow long. He feeds on fruits, vegetables, bread and nuts.

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A DRAGON 250FT. LONG.

Of all countries in the world America is the one where most alien Chinamen are to be found; especially is this so in the Western States, where they will follow any kind of menial occupation for a very small wage. In the towns they gain a good livelihood by doing laundry work, in which they are most proficient, while many of them enter domestic service.

When at home the Chinaman keeps a large number of festivals during the year, but away from his own country he must work hard for a living, and so has little time to devote to amusement.

Every year a great Chinese festival is held at Los Angeles, California, when all the Chinamen in the place make very merry and join in a great procession, the principal feature of which is a gigantic dragon, 250ft. long. This is borne on the heads of a hundred Chinamen, who carry it round the city, followed by the other members of their race, in addition to those of the resident population who are always at hand when anything unusual is taking place.

The procession marches solemnly through the streets to the accompaniment of the beating of drums and other fearful and wonderful instruments which the Chinese call musical, but which to the trained ear are anything but that.

In their native land Chinamen are accustomed to worship the dragon, and though living in a distant country, they do not omit to hold it in reverence.

Photo S. G. Payne & Son.

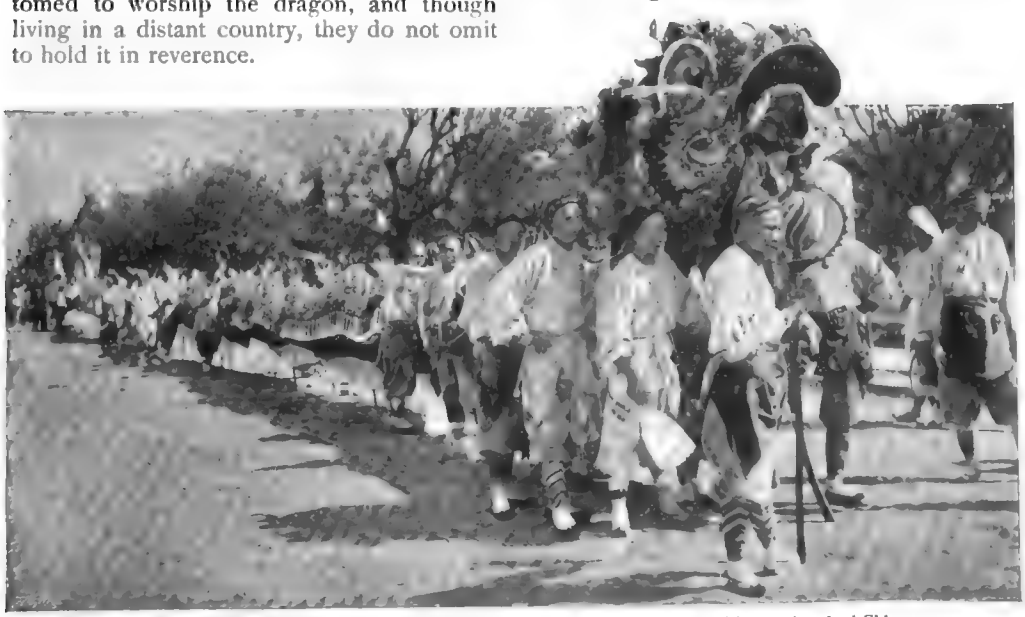
Hon. Walter Rothschild in his carriage drawn by a zebra.

A ZEBRA IN HARNESS.

As a lover of everything curious in the world of natural history the Hon. Walter Rothschild has no equal. At his home, Tring Park, Buckinghamshire, in the district where so many members of the Rothschild family live, he has a large and varied menagerie of all kinds of birds and animals which one is not accustomed to see in this country.

Among the treasures in his park are herds of emus, kangaroos, rare deer, and many other members of the animal and feathered tribes from distant lands, all of which, so far as possible, have been acclimatised.

Mr. Rothschild thinks a great deal of a zebra which he has broken to harness; it is a beautifully-marked animal, and presents a most attractive appearance in the little dog-cart in which its owner may sometimes be seen driving his uncommon steed.



The great dragon carried in procession at Los Angeles, California. It is supported by one hundred Chinamen.

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MAKING A PET OF A BEAR.

An American Naturalist's Queer Mascot.

It is the fashion nowadays to make pets of snakes, baby leopards, alligators, and other out-of-the-way creatures. Mr. Baynes, who is a well-known American naturalist, and travels a great deal, has lately acquired a black bear cub of five months old; he brought it back with him after one of his journeys.

The home of the black bear is usually a hollow scooped in the earth beneath a fallen log, or the upturned roots of a big tree, and the cubs are seldom seen until well grown and able to follow their mother about, though occasionally they are discovered playing outside the den. If their mother is nowhere about they may be captured fairly easily, provided they are taken by surprise, but to rob a mother of her cubs is a very dangerous proceeding.

Photo Baynes.

The bear and his master out for a walk.

This pet cub is a most sociable little fellow, and follows his master about just like a dog. He is exceedingly fond of taking a bath, and this he does several times a day if allowed. A large wash-tub is provided for his ablutions. Before getting into the tub he feels the water with his paws, often throwing it over himself in showers. After his bath he is very frisky, and romps and tumbles upon the lawn until tired, when he stretches himself out and takes a nap.

His favourite foods are dry biscuits and milk, and he refuses to release his hold on the dish containing the milk until every drop has disappeared. Rather than remove his paws from the dish before he has finished, he will allow himself to be lifted by it from the ground.

Houses in the country villages of America are built with a verandah at the front; up the posts of this the baby bear loves to climb, and thence to the roof of the house, where he sits and surveys the surrounding landscape. He won't come down until he wishes to, either, unless tempted to do so with biscuits or milk.

The cub's greatest pleasure, however, is to be allowed inside the house. This is not often permitted, for his mischievous antics drive the careful housewife almost to distraction. In five minutes he will do more damage than a dozen of the very worst small boys would do in a month; nothing is safe from him.

Photo Baynes.

This baby bear is very fond of milk, with which he is regaled every day.

He is a source of great amusement to his owner, and if only he can get someone to join him, the cub will indulge in all varieties of gambols until the energies of his playmate are utterly exhausted.

Even then the bear wants to continue the games, and the greatest difficulty is experienced in making him understand that he must refrain from his pastime for a while. He will keep trying to start playing again, and only desists in his efforts to induce his former playmate to rejoin him when he finds that his advances are of no avail.

The bear has been trained to walk upright on his hind legs, one of his front paws being held by Mr. Baynes. Of course, he can only take very short steps at present, so that his master must regulate his pace accordingly.

As the cub grows older he will naturally begin to show some of the less amiable traits which are inbred in the species, and will have to be carefully watched.

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AN AUSTRALIAN RAFT.

FAR away in the north-west portion of the continent of Australasia lie millions upon millions of acres of land which on the maps are marked *Terra Incognita* (unexplored). These constitute what is known as the Great Sandy Desert, upon which the foot of a white man has never trod, or if it has, its owner has not returned to tell of what he saw there.

North of this desert is a more fertile country, Dampier Land, on the coast of which is a large inlet of the sea known by the name of King Sound. Here the explorer has travelled, and returned with some interesting information about the country and many photographs of the natives and their surroundings.

A King Sound native on his raft.

The photograph reproduced on this page shows one of the blacks on his self-made raft. It is a very simply put together affair, consisting only of a few planks or pieces of bark lashed together. This the black propels by means of a paddle, and when the water is not too rough he can attain quite a good rate of speed.

Of course, this perilous craft is easily upset, but that matters little, for the King Sound natives can swim like fishes, and what few clothes they wear do not deteriorate by being saturated with salt water.

The rafts are used for fishing purposes principally, the blacks not requiring or even wishing to make journeys of any great length; they are more fond of their own company than that of strangers.

THE FALL OF AN ENGINE.

ONE afternoon, as a cattle train consisting of some thirty trucks was approaching Harcourt Street Station, Dublin, a terminus of the Dublin, Wicklow and Wexford Railway, the brakes refused to act. The fireman, seeing that an accident was inevitable, jumped from the engine, fortunately escaping uninjured. The engine-driver, however, hoping against hope that nothing serious would result, remained at his post, and when the accident occurred received severe injuries.

The train came into the station at such a high speed that it caused great consternation among the officials gathered there; it then crashed into the buffers at the end of the platform.

The impact of the heavy train, increased by the speed at which it was travelling, proved to be too much for the buffers to withstand, and they gave way, the engine carrying them right through the station wall and into the street below, itself remaining suspended about thirty feet above the roadway. The couplings held fast, and the weight of the tender and trucks behind it prevented the engine from being precipitated into the street.

Photo *Loco. Pub. Co. Ltd.*

The position of the engine after the accident at Harcourt Street Station, Dublin.

Fortunately there was no one passing at the time that the wall fell, and the driver was the only person injured in what might easily have been a much more disastrous accident. The damage done to the engine and tender was also comparatively slight under the circumstances.

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The Musician and the Miser

The Story of a Clever Scheme that Met with Great Success.

By Douglas Woodfall.

In the suburb in which he dwelt, Mr. Richard Quair's name was synonymous with all that is mean and niggardly. Popular rumour reported him to be a miser of a peculiarly aggravated type, and though rumour is not generally to be trusted, in this case, at any rate, it had strong evidence to support it.

From his earliest days Richard Quair had been of a saving disposition, and when he inherited his father's fortune, the miser that was latent in him broke out. The older inhabitants well remember the day when he moved into a small house his father had left him in that somewhat dingy thoroughfare, Holbrooke Street.

This was the only occasion on which he had ever been known to spend any money.

For weeks before he actually took up his residence there ironmongers and locksmiths were hard at work on the premises. Iron bars and iron shutters were fitted to the windows, a huge iron safe was carried up into one of the rooms on the first floor, and the door of this room and also the front door were made of steel. The house might have been the strong room of a bank for the trouble he expended on making it burglar-proof. And, indeed, young Quair was wise enough in his way, for he had already made up his mind as to the sort of life that he meant to lead, and, unless death intervened, that house was to contain more money than is usually to be found inside any bank short of the Bank of England.

As the years passed by, the lust for money gained a firmer and firmer hold upon him. He had never been good looking, but he became positively repulsive. By constantly denying himself anything but the barest necessities of life, he became prematurely

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shrunken and withered, and his clothes, which had never fitted him well—he had inherited his father's wardrobe, and to the day of his death never bought another suit—hung on him like sacks. Only twice in the year did he venture out of the house, and that was on the days when he went to draw his money from the bank.

For the most part, his days were spent before that safe, fingering his notes lovingly, an occupation which he only varied by an occasional turn in the small garden behind his house.

For thirty years Richard Quair lived this squalid, money-centred existence. During the whole of that period he had been entirely alone. Not a soul had ever caught a glimpse of the inside of the house, though, as he knew very well indeed, there were many who would have liked to do so. His income was at least five thousand a year, and his expenses were not a hundred; and when a man puts by four thousand nine hundred pounds odd a year for thirty years in a big safe in his bedroom, the contents of that safe are well worth having.

Quair's way of living, and the dirty, uncared for appearance of the house, got the street a bad name, and when the leases of the houses on either side of his fell in the tenants made no attempt to renew them, but sought a less dismal neighbourhood. The landlord had plenty of hard things to say about the miser, for he thought that it would be by no means easy to re-let his property. However, he proved to be wrong, for, greatly to his surprise and gratification, prospective tenants looked over the houses on the very day after they were vacated, and promptly expressed themselves willing to enter into possession as soon as they could be put into repair.

The arrival of the newcomers was a matter of intense interest to the miser. The old tenants had long ceased to display any curiosity as to himself and his doings, and he resented the change in consequence. It might be years, he felt, before his new neighbours were reduced to a similar state.

So, when the day of their arrival came round, old Quair posted himself at a window and scrutinised them carefully. The tenant of the house on his left was a short, stubby man with a bristly red beard and a wooden leg, whose general appearance was that of a retired sailor. Colour was lent to this supposition by his singular gift for strong language, which he directed principally at the new tenant in the house on the right, a long, lean youth with blue spectacles and a mass of dark hair.

It appeared that the porters who had been engaged in bringing the luggage of the newcomers to their respective houses had succeeded in bungling their work, and had delivered one of the sailor's portmanteaux at the young man's address, a mistake on which the former was commenting with considerable volubility.

The miser enjoyed the quarrel immensely, but there was something in the young man's appearance which filled him with apprehension. For it was impossible to conceal from himself that that gentleman looked suspiciously like a musician, and music was a thing which old Quair held in abhorrence. His worst fears were confirmed when, next day, a long, low cart drew up at the long-haired man's door, and a grand piano was hauled into the house.

It was at nine o'clock next morning that the miser's torture began. He was at his usual place in front of his safe, caressing lovingly a big roll of five-pound notes, when a few chords were struck upon the piano, and a dismal wailing arose from the next house which, though it emanated from a human throat, could by no possible stretch of the imagination be called singing.

For half-an-hour the ghastly noise continued. Sometimes the musician next door would content himself with attempting to sing single notes, sometimes he would run up and down what was apparently intended to be a scale, sometimes he would give his voice a rest, and would thump out fearful discords upon the piano.

At last Mr. Quair could stand it no longer, and, running down stairs—the sound came from a room on the ground floor—he began to bang violently on the wall. The singer, however, far from abating the nuisance, retaliated by emitting still more fearful wails.

Seeing that this plan of attack was useless, Mr. Quair took out a sheet from an account-book—he never allowed himself any other paper—and hastily scribbled the following note upon it:

Mr. Richard Quair presents his compliments to the young man with the untidy hair, whose name he does not know, and would be obliged if he would stop that infernal racket.

Then, choosing a moment when there was no one in the street, he slipped out of doors, dropped the note into the letter-box, and pealed the bell violently. Then he returned to his house and awaited developments.

By the time that he had closed the door

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"I tell you, sir," the red-bearded man was bawling, "I'll have the law on you."

the music had ceased, and the miser guessed that his tormentor was reading the note. A few minutes later his own bell rang, and, hurrying downstairs, he found a letter lying on his own door-mat. He tore it open and read this:

Mr. Felix Beauchamp presents his compliments to Mr. Richard Quair, and is at a loss to understand his meaning. Nothing that could be described as a racket is going on in his house.

Mr. Quair had not read to the end of the note when a wailing even more fearful than before arose from the adjoining house. He tried to concentrate his attention upon his money, but without success. So he divided the morning between thumping on the wall and sending notes to his tormentor. He expended considerable ingenuity upon devising the letters, and before the morning was over the musician had received such messages as these:

Mr. Richard Quair presents his compliments to Mr. Felix Beauchamp, and would take it as a favour if he would put the cat out of its agony.

Mr. Richard Quair is sorry to trouble Mr. Felix Beauchamp, but he feels it his duty to call his attention to a murder that is being committed in his house.

Mr. Richard Quair trusts that he will be excused if he suggests that Mr. Felix Beauchamp should present his menagerie to the Zoo.

To all of these Mr. Beauchamp returned brief and eminently unsatisfactory replies.

At about midday the musician apparently found it necessary to take a short interval for refreshment, and there was a cessation in the uproar. Mr. Quair, with a sigh of relief, hurried up to his bedroom and immersed himself in the enraptured contemplation of his wealth with a zest that was only increased by the events of the morning.

Before half-an-hour had passed, however, his attention was distracted by the sounds of a violent altercation which was proceeding, apparently from his own back garden. Hurrying to the window, he discovered that the originators of it were the sailor with the red beard and the young man with the long

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hair, who were leaning over their respective walls and abusing one another vigorously.

The sailor was comparing the noises successively with the howling of wild animals, the groans of lost souls, and the Battle of the Nile, while the musician was informing his antagonist that, in his opinion, those who had no ear for music were capable of any and every crime included in the Newgate Calendar.

To which the sailor replied that if these crimes included the murder of musicians who made day hideous with their noises, he was entirely in agreement with him.

Delighted at the turn which events were taking, the miser hurried into the garden, and was soon in the thick of the dispute.

"I tell you, sir," the red-bearded man was bawling, "I'll have the law on you. I'll get a perpetual injunction against you to restrain you from kicking up such an infernal riot! I'll have you put in prison for it, blow me tight if I don't!"

"Quite so! Quite so!" purred Mr. Quair, rubbing his hands together.

"And I tell you," replied Mr. Beauchamp, "that it's a piece of confounded impertinence on your part to attempt to interfere with me in the exercise of my profession. Connoisseurs say that my voice is the second finest in Europe, and if I choose to practise I shall do so without asking your permission. The terms of my lease contain nothing to forbid me, and you cannot prevent me from following my legitimate calling."

"Oh! yes we can!" interpolated the miser with a chuckle. "We can prevent you from making yourself a public nuisance."

"I'm no more of a public nuisance than you are, you dirty old miser," bawled the young man. "Your niggardly habits and untidy house are a disgrace to the place."

With that parting shot he flung himself into the house, and in another moment he was again uplifting his voice in a series of ear-piercing wails.

The miser and the sailor looked at one another in silence.

"Impudent young rascal!" gasped the former at last.

"Infernal young scoundrel!" corrected the latter.

"He shall suffer for this!" cried the miser.

"We'll have the law on him!" said the sailor.

"I shall see my solicitor about it," added the miser.

"And we'll raise the neighbourhood against him," roared the other. "Gad, sir, you and I will go down the whole length of the street, and get 'em all to sign a round robin to his landlord, and if he doesn't put an end to his riot then we'll have him up in court."

Mr. Quair looked at the sailor rather doubtfully.

"Well," he began, "Mr.—er—"

"Bertram Oswald," the other interpolated, "late of the British Merchant Service."

"Well, Mr. Oswald," he continued, "I fear that I am not on very good terms with my neighbours. Perhaps it would be better if you were to see to that little matter for yourself."

The sailor smiled faintly, and intimated that he would do so.

"And in the meanwhile," the miser continued, "I will do all that I can to induce our musical friend to abandon his pernicious habits. Sending him notes, and thumping on the wall, might possibly have the desired effect."

The sailor thought for a moment. "Have you such a thing as a frying-pan in the house?" he asked.

"I have," said the miser. "Why do you ask?"

"Because," said the sailor, "his window looks on to the garden, and I can't help thinking that if you were to come out here and bang it whenever he starts making that confounded din it would annoy him considerably."

The suggestion delighted the miser, who promptly retired into the house to fetch a worn and rusty cooking implement which he termed a frying-pan, while the sailor went off with the avowed intention of arousing the neighbourhood to summary vengeance on Mr. Beauchamp.

For a week or so pandemonium reigned in Holbrooke Street. Mr. Beauchamp exercised his vocal organs for some six hours a day, while Mr. Quair accompanied him upon the frying-pan, and their joint efforts could be heard half a mile away.

Mr. Quair could not help thinking that the sailor was an unconscionable time in getting up the petition to the landlord; but that gentleman stated that he was obliged to wait a while in order to see whether the musician would not be amenable to reason. At the end of the week, however, Mr. Oswald stated that the signatures were now collected, and that further developments might be expected shortly.

On the following day the landlord put in an appearance, and had a lengthy and, so far

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as the neighbours could gather from the sounds that emanated from Mr. Beauchamp's house, somewhat heated altercation with the musician. His words, however, had but little effect, for he was hardly out of the house before Mr. Beauchamp settled himself again at his piano, and proclaimed his scorn for his landlord and all his works in a series of howls which, for sheer ugliness, even he had never surpassed.

Thereupon Mr. Quair and Mr. Oswald held a conference over the garden wall, and came to the conclusion that the only thing for them to do was to take the matter into court and obtain an injunction against the offender. The sailor suggested that the miser ought to take action this time, a course to which the latter consented, though not without some demur. So he made an expedition to his solicitor and put the matter in his hands.

Those who know anything about the law will scarcely need to be told that it was several weeks before the case came up for trial.

In the meantime, Mr. Beauchamp continued his performances with vigour unabated, while Mr. Quair, wearying of his sonata on the frying-pan, added a concerto for a tea-tray, and a symphonic poem for a tin kettle and a brickbat to the list of his accomplishments.

At last, however, the great day arrived, and the court was filled with the *élite* of Westfield when the case of Quair *v.* Beauchamp was brought before the magistrates. The case caused the greatest amusement throughout the length and breadth of the land.

It was unfortunate that the sturdy mariner should have been prevented by illness from appearing to give evidence, but the case went very well without him, and Mr. Quair had no difficulty whatever in obtaining the desired injunction. It is true that some of the remarks passed concerning himself by the defendant made him feel rather small, and it is also true that he was given to understand that if Mr. Beauchamp had chosen to take out a cross-summons against him on account of his performances on the frying-pan he would have got a verdict.

These little matters, however, troubled him not at all, and, as evening was drawing in, he made his way home in what was for him a comparatively amiable frame of mind.

On reaching Holbrooke Street, it occurred to him that he might as well look in upon his friend Oswald, who would doubtless be waiting in some anxiety to learn the events of the day. So he stopped before the mariner's door and rang the bell. He waited for a minute or so, and then, receiving no answer, he rang again. Still no reply; so he pealed yet more loudly, but without result, and, listen intently as he would, he could discern no sound of anyone moving within.

"I hope he isn't dead," thought the miser as he turned away.

At this moment a butcher's boy who had been watching Mr. Quair's attack upon the bell with some interest, came up and accosted him.

"Do you want Mr. Oswald, sir?" he asked.

"I do," the miser replied. "Do you know anything about him?"

"Yus," said the boy, "he's gone away."

"Gone away!" echoed the astonished miser. "It's impossible! I heard from him only this morning that he was ill in bed."

"'E's gone away," reiterated the boy, "I seed 'im myself. 'E drove away in a keb and 'e 'ad a portmanty. The clock was strikin' eleven when 'e went off."

"Really," said the miser, "this is a most extraordinary thing!" and, ruminating deeply thereon, he entered his house.

His feeling of astonishment at the behaviour of Mr. Oswald was, however, soon swallowed up in the recollection that he could now count his notes at his leisure without fear of interruption. Intent upon this joy, which had been denied him for so long, he hurried upstairs to the room where he kept his hoard and made straight for the safe.

He selected a key from the bunch which he always carried in his pocket, fitted it into the lock, and, trembling with excitement, opened the door. Then, with a wild cry of despair, he fell back in a dead faint on the floor.

The safe was empty.

It was pitch dark when the miser came to himself. At first he scarcely realised what had happened, but in a moment the recollection of his loss flashed across his mind, and, lighting one of the small tallow dips which formed all the illumination that he allowed himself, he set to work on an examination of the shelves in the faint hope that he might have been mistaken.

The first glance revealed nothing but blank emptiness. Then it occurred to him that he might possibly have thrust the precious rolls of notes to the back of the safe in his haste to start a fresh attack upon the musician next door. The light of his candle was too dim to pierce the dark recesses of the great safe, so he thrust in his hand and groped nervously

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from side to side in the hope that he might soon be rewarded by the crisp crackling of the paper.

Further and further in went his arm without meeting any obstruction. Never before, he thought, had the safe seemed so huge. The whole of his fore-arm passed in; then his elbow. Now his arm was in almost up to the shoulder.

When in the world, he wondered, was he going to reach the back wall of the safe?

His twitching fingers clutched feverishly now on this side, now on that, but they met with nothing but unresisting air. Suddenly, as he swept his arm convulsively to one side, he felt on his wrist the cut of a jagged edge of steel, and his fingers grasped a handful of plaster.

"'E's gone away," reiterated the boy, "I seed 'im myself."

Then the truth came home to him, the back of his safe had been taken out. And once more he fell back fainting on the floor.

The sun was streaming through his window when he came to himself. What had happened was now painfully apparent. The musician and the sailor were obviously in league with one another; they were probably, indeed, members of an expert gang of thieves. While the musician had been engaging the attention of the miser, the sailor had been at work upon the back of the safe.

During the weeks that he had had at his disposal he had not only pierced through the bed of concrete with which the safe was backed, but he had also so weakened the steel that its removal with the aid of a couple of dynamite cartridges was only the work of a few moments, and the safe had probably been depleted of its contents within half an hour of the miser's departure for the police court.

Of course, every effort was made to trace the thief, but without result. Five pound notes are easily changed into gold, and before the day was over the sailor and half a dozen accomplices had converted the greater part of the swag into coin of the realm, not only in London, but also in several of the great Midland towns. The musician had also gone, and doubtless both he and the sailor had immediately discarded their disguises. Indeed, among the odds and ends put up for auction by a railway company that year was a wooden leg, and people wondered how any one could have been so careless as to leave his leg in a first-class smoking carriage.

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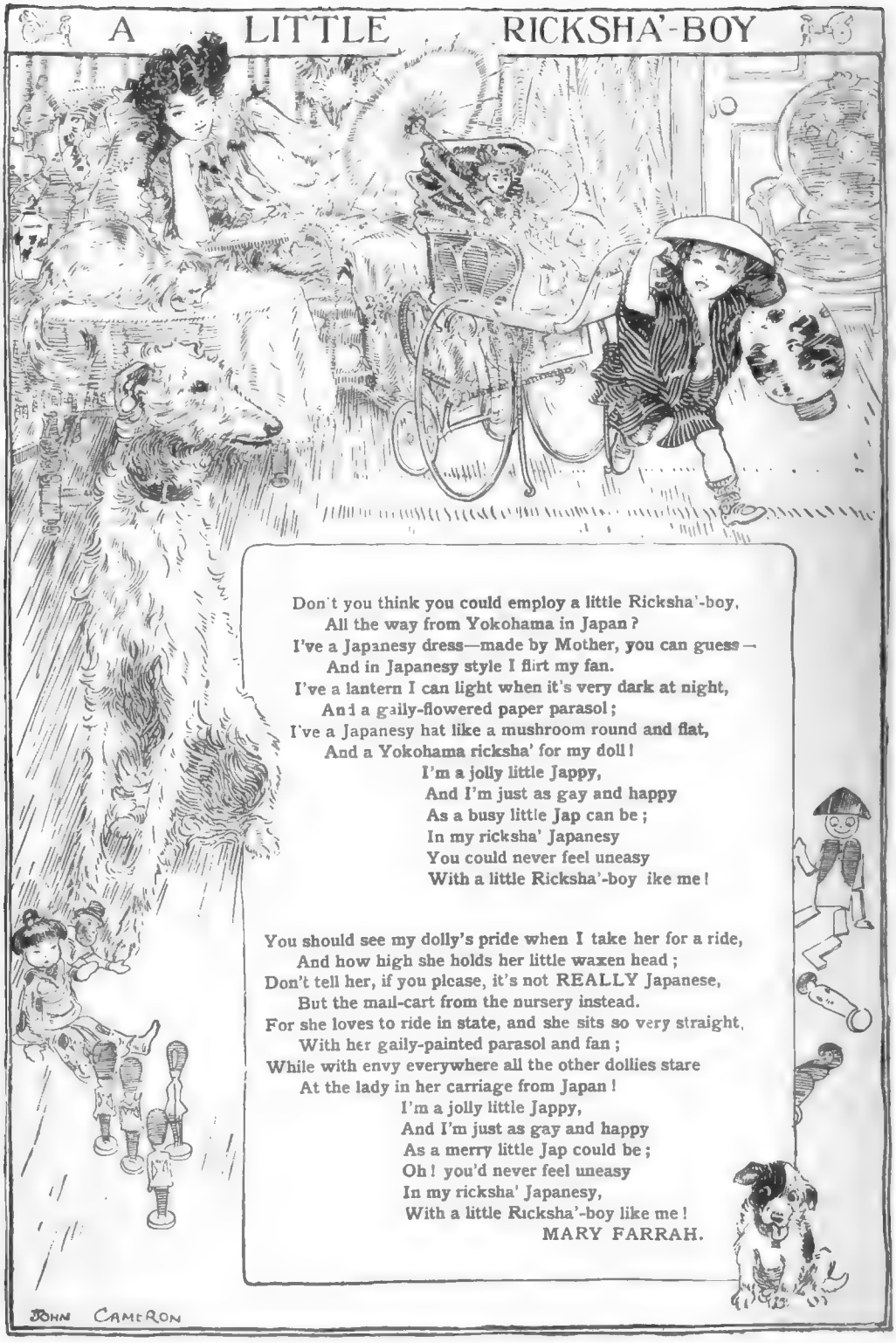
A LITTLE RICKSHA'-BOY



Don't you think you could employ a little Ricksha'-boy,
All the way from Yokohama in Japan?
I've a Japanesy dress—made by Mother, you can guess—
And in Japanesy style I flirt my fan.
I've a lantern I can light when it's very dark at night,
And a gaily-flowered paper parasol;
I've a Japanesy hat like a mushroom round and flat,
And a Yokohama ricksha' for my doll!
I'm a jolly little Jappy,
And I'm just as gay and happy
As a busy little Jap can be;
In my ricksha' Japanesy
You could never feel uneasy
With a little Ricksha'-boy ike me!

You should see my dolly's pride when I take her for a ride,
And how high she holds her little waxen head;
Don't tell her, if you please, it's not REALLY Japanese,
But the mail-cart from the nursery instead.
For she loves to ride in state, and she sits so very straight,
With her gaily-painted parasol and fan;
While with envy everywhere all the other dollies stare
At the lady in her carriage from Japan!
I'm a jolly little Jappy,
And I'm just as gay and happy
As a merry little Jap could be;
Oh! you'd never feel uneasy
In my ricksha' Japanesy,
With a little Ricksha'-boy like me!

MARY FARRAH.

JOHN CAMERON

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The Birth Of A Razor

An Interesting Article Describing the Various Processes through which this Essential to the Well-groomed Man's Toilet Must Pass in the Making.

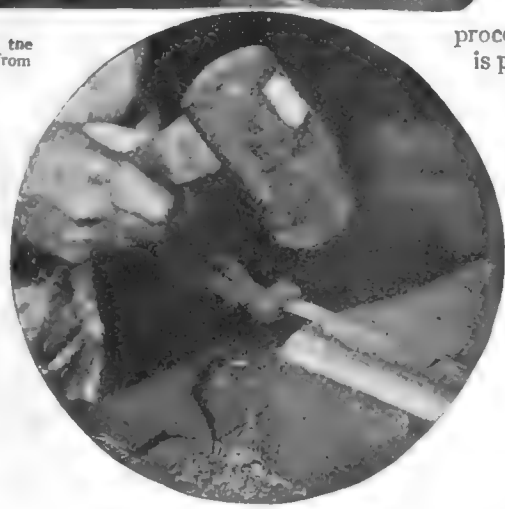
By H. J. Holmes.

The user of a razor seldom gives a thought to the making of that article, and little realises how many processes it must pass through while being converted from rough steel into a finely polished cutting instrument.

A prepared piece of steel is beaten out by a hammer into the rough shape of a razor.

With hammer and chisel the razor shape is separated from the piece of steel.

The steel used is, of course, of very exceptional quality. It is rolled into strips about a quarter of an inch thick, an inch wide, and six or eight feet long. On one of these slips being snapped across, the metal proved to be as fine as polished marble. Inferior steel, when tested in this way, appears mealy to the eye.



By hammering, more definite shape and the first suggestion of hollowness are given to the razor.

The forging of the blade is very interesting. The slips are snapped in two, for convenience sake, and the smith inserts the end of one of the pieces into the fire until it has reached an almost white heat.

It is then withdrawn and placed on the anvil, when the process known as moulding is performed. With a large, one-ended hammer the smith beats out the piece of steel into the rough shape of a razor.

Here it may be stated that there are scores of different shapes for razors, from the monkey-tailed long "tang" with small blade (an American innovation) to the squat, wide blade beloved by coolies in the far East.

The rough shaping done, the first razor is

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cut from the slip and dealt with, after re-heating, in the following manner: The "tang," or tail, is formed, with the assistance of a second smith, and, with great rapidity, on the edge of the anvil, the hole for the handle punched, and the name of the firm stamped.

Then ensues the "smithing" process. The piece of steel becomes more and more like the blade of a razor. Taken a third time from the fire, it is beaten by the smith with a round-faced hammer, and for the first time begins to assume the hollow-ground form in a slight degree. The "smithing" is the last stage of forging.

The blade is next hardened. It is heated to a certain degree by a skilled workman and plunged into cold water. Many people think that a razor cannot be hard enough, but this is wrong. A hardened blade would very likely fly into pieces at the first touch of the grindstone, so the steel has to be tempered before it is of any use.

Over the smithy fire an iron tray is suspended in such a position that the flames touch it whenever the fire is blown up, whilst all along a certain temperature is maintained. On the tray are spread out the blades, for tempering purposes. This is one of the most delicate processes in razor-making, for everything depends on the proper tempering of the blade. The man in charge has therefore to keep his wits about him, for, were he to allow a trayful of blades to remain too long over the fire, the whole lot would be spoilt and the smith's work all gone for nothing.

Further hammering is necessary to make the tail a perfect shape.

The blade is then heated to a certain degree and plunged into cold water to harden it.

The next process is tempering. This is accomplished by placing the blades on a shelf above the smithy fire; they must be most carefully watched, for if they remain too long over the fire they will be quite spoilt.

The next step is towards the grinding-room, where scores of stones are whirling and

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After tempering, the blade must be shaped. For this the workman sits straddle-wise over a—

roaring. The blade, when tempered, is handed to the shaper, whose particular business it is to manipulate it into a more pronounced and symmetrical form than that in which it leaves the smith's hands. Thus, the top is rounded, or squared, according to the particular pattern ordered; and the part where the "tang" begins is hollowed, to fit the finger of the user later on. That is, the blade leaves the "shaper's" hands in the general form in which it will be sold over the retailer's counter, except in the matter of its "hollowness," a process of much elaborateness which has yet to come.

The "shaper's" work is the most dangerous part of the cutlery trade. It is dry-grinding, *i.e.*, no water is used on the whirling stone. The dust that flies from the stone is deadly, and has in the past increased Sheffield's death-roll considerably.

Nowadays the risk to the worker is minimised by the introduction of a kind of funnel in front of the stone, into which the dust and the great stream of sparks are drawn by a powerful fan out of reach of the operator's lungs.

A peculiarity of the grinding-room is that all the men sit, saddle-wise, over the grindstones, the driving belts running in what one would consider dangerous proximity to their legs. The position is necessary to allow the grinders to put their full power upon the blade as it is pressed to the surface of the stone.

The blade now moves on to another worker, who gives it an edge—well, not quite the edge one is accustomed to when one has a shave, but something that will presently be improved considerably. In this process a piece of wood about eighteen inches long, and called a "flatstick," is used by the operator to enable him to put his full power upon the blade. The blade is placed under the "flatstick" in such a way that the worker's fingers hold it securely in place, whilst the extra grip given by the extending ends of the wood enables him to give the necessary power without the risk of smashing the blade.

—grindstone, so that he may put his full power upon the blade to press it against the stone.

One would imagine that by this time the razor ought to be nearly completed, but it is not so. The real work on the blade does not begin until it has received its edge as described in the preceding paragraph. For now, and only now, is a start made with the

Then it passes on to be given an edge, which is a delicate process, for the fine blades are very easily broken.

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The handle is polished on a wheel of leather or cloth. The blade is then riveted to the handle through the bored "tang."

The final process—the finished article having the edge whetted ready for use.

gradual working away of the surface of the blade, producing that hollow shape which, since its introduction into this country from Germany about a quarter of a century ago, has superseded the flat sort previously used.

When it is said that no fewer than eighty-five different stones are used by the expert hollow-grinders throughout their work, some idea will be gathered of the extraordinary expenditure of time and skill upon the making of a razor blade.

A good hollow-ground razor demands a series of grindings of a most elaborate nature. For instance, one for which the ordinary purchaser will pay, say, three shillings, goes through a series of at least thirty stones before reaching its proper stage of perfection. Beginning with an eight-inch diameter stone, it is absolutely essential that as soon as this stone has produced all its possible effect, the blade should be passed on to another stone slightly smaller in diameter and face.

Thus it goes on from stone to stone, the hollow form increasing as the size of the stones grows less. Finally, the blade is operated upon by a "stone" $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, with a face smaller in accordance, and covered with leather over wood.

During the whole of this time, care must be taken that the blade does not get overheated and thus injure the temper of the steel. So the various grindings must be accomplished in bits and scraps, one part being allowed to cool before another is placed against the stone.

To gain necessary effect, some of the stones are fluted in several patterns, some very fine, others deep and wide.

When the blade leaves the $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch stone, it may be said to be completed, except when ornamentation is desired, as in the case of the more expensive ones. Then it goes on to the hands of a man in charge of a set of very finely fluted stones, and with the aid of these the fluting of the "tang," which gives the fingers a grip, is added to, with considerable artistic effect.

The blade is then placed in its handle of horn, bone, or ivory.

After a most effective whetting by hand, the complete razor takes its place amongst its fellows in a wooden box. Thence to the warehouse.

All the processes described were seen by the writer at the works of Messrs. Joseph Rodgers & Sons, the well-known cutlery firm at Sheffield. The same course is followed at other big razor-making establishments,

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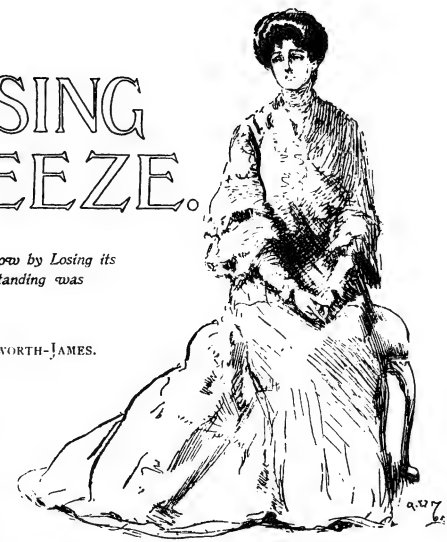
A PASSING BREEZE.



A Fan Relates the Story of How by Losing its Real Owner a Misunderstanding was Caused.

By Gertie de S. Wentworth-James.

I was getting just a little weary of life in a white cardboard coffin-like box, and was yearning to be unfurled so that I could stretch my cramped ivory sticks, when I was bought by a young man (whom I afterwards learnt was a nephew with expectations) and sent as a birthday present to Lady Danver.

How I trembled with anticipation as I lay on the breakfast-table among several other packets containing natal gifts!

Would my owner be young, with eyes full of dawning emotions—eyes that would glint and glance over the top of my spangled lace border?

Would she have a soft cheek against which I should be laid? Would she ——

Ah! an end to picturesque imaginings!

My wrappings were being torn off by brisk, eager hands, the cardboard coffin-lid was raised, and the glazed visiting card which had been put inside was lifted from its place.

"*With affectionate homage and birthday wishes, from Rudolph,*" read a voice—a woman's voice without mellowness or cadence.

"Humph!" she continued, unwrapping the tissue paper, "Rudolph's 'affectionate homage' is such a very looking-forward sort of affair! . . . Oh! a fan! Brussels, and silver spangles! *New!* Actually not a returned betrothal gift this time! Marie shall put it away till I want a wedding present for someone!"

"Ah! Humph! Um-m-m!" replied a bulbous-nosed male person who was intrenched behind *The Kennel News*.

Alas! for my dreams of a soft young cheek and glinting, glancing eyes!

Lady Danver was portly, fifty-three, and sensible; wore short, tailor-made cloth gowns and square-toed boots, bred dogs, and despised men!

What a fate for a refined, fluttering little fan to be grasped by her hard-gripping hands!

Though, of course, I was sorry not to see life, it was really some satisfaction to think that I was going to be put away. Perhaps as a wedding present I should have a better time of it!

However, I was not destined to become a nuptial gift after all, because when Lady Danver was dressing for the Countess of Gayford's ball that night, she discovered that one of the sticks of her favourite feather fan, a bulky and inelegant affair made from ostriches and tortoises, was broken.

"Give me that new thing I told you to put away," said my raucous-voiced owner to a sly-looking maid with an intermittent French accent.

And thus it was that I made my *début* at Gayford House.

Just as Lady Danver and her husband were

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ascending the great marble staircase, Sir Charles jostled up against an acquaintance who is reported to get £500 a year from a certain dog-biscuit firm in return for using their delicacies in his kennels, and for writing a series of eulogistic testimonials thereon.

"Hi! Hullo!" grunted Sir Charles, "I want 'nother bulldog—got one for sale?"

The acquaintance shook his head.

"No," he replied, "but I know a man who *has*. Magnificent animal—bargain! Sold its brother to Keith Dellmore."

"What's 'is address?"

"2 Court Square Mansions."

Sir Charles drew out a pompous gold pencil and then looked vaguely round.

Lady Danver evidently understood the vagueness, because, with a quick "capable" gesture (she was so gruesomely "capable,") she jerked the pencil out of her husband's hand and *scribbled the address on one of my slender ivory sticks!*

Just imagine, I, a dainty *débutante* fan, being used to carry the address of—*a bulldog!*

After this humiliation my owner reached the top of the staircase, greeted the host and hostess, and then entered the ball-room.

Oh! it was a wonderful sight, and though I felt quite plain and insignificant beside all the priceless jewelled and enamelled fans which were being waved languidly to and fro, I realised that I was in my element—at last I was "seeing life."

For fully a quarter of an hour Lady Danver held me, gripped me, and gesticulated with me; then as the band broke into a set of lancers, she laid me on a seat while she pinned up a trailing end of her dowdy black lace gown.

Five minutes later she had moved away, leaving me forgotten, neglected, and—*free!*

During one whole joyous hour I lay on that red plush lounge, my sticks half expanded and my silver spangle-eyes shining with delight.

I was "seeing life"!

The old days in Brussels when I gradually grew into life and beauty on a pillow stuck with pins, were forgotten.

I was launched on the sea of a London season, I was——

"I knew I left it somewhere here—perhaps someone has picked it up!—Ah! no, *here* it is!"

As these words—spoken in a voice that was sweet and full of youth's eagerness—interrupted my reverie, I looked up and saw that my spell of freedom was over.

A girl stood in front of the seat on which I was lying, a girl who was everything of which I had dreamt as I slept in the coffin-like cardboard box.

Her face was small—almost too small, perhaps—red-lipped, and pouting, her eyes (were they violet or cornflower tinted?) pure and laughing, her hair gold-flecked and abundant, puffed out round her small face like a shining halo; her skin creamy and polished as my ivory sticks, and her figure slender and very young, but set with a certain dawning dignity.

"I am so glad I found it—Keith gave it to me before we were married," continued the Radiant Dream picking me up, and holding me just as a fan loves to be held—lightly, half-carelessly, yet firmly, in a particularly small, suède-gloved hand.

"Oh! really, Mrs. Dellmore—quite a souvenir that!" replied her partner, with the nasty intonation which involuntarily creeps into some men's voices when an eminently desirable woman mentions her husband in a tone suggesting any feeling warmer than tolerance.

"Quite," she answered gravely, as the band burst into a rioting, maddening waltz, for which a tall, dark person with a strong profile, sleek, centre-parted head, and holding grey eyes, came and claimed her.

Clasping me lightly in the hand which she rested on her partner's elbow, Yolanda Dellmore and the strong-profiled person drifted off into the dance, as if they and the rhythm of the music were one.

"I'm so glad to get to you at last," she whispered, with a light little laugh that rang very true.

"I'm 'glad-der'!" was the short rejoinder, as a black coat sleeve pressed her close and tenderly.

I was shocked—absolutely shocked and disappointed—as a flighty young married woman is an abomination to all self-respecting fans.

Just as I was almost wishing for the square-toed integrity of my rightful owner, Mrs. Dellmore spoke again.

"It's quite *bourgeoise* to think that after six months of married life we like dancing with each other better than with anyone else, isn't it?" she said, glancing upwards under her very effective eye-lashes.

So *that* was all right! The strong-profiled person was Keith Dellmore. I needn't have been in the least shocked!

As I drove home with them in their neat little brougham I ardently hoped that neither Lady Danver nor Mrs. Dellmore would

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discover the fact that they had exchanged fans by accident.

It was so idyllic to belong to this young girl who drove home from balls with her head resting on her husband's shoulder.

"So you really like waltzing with your own legal rate-payer better than ——"

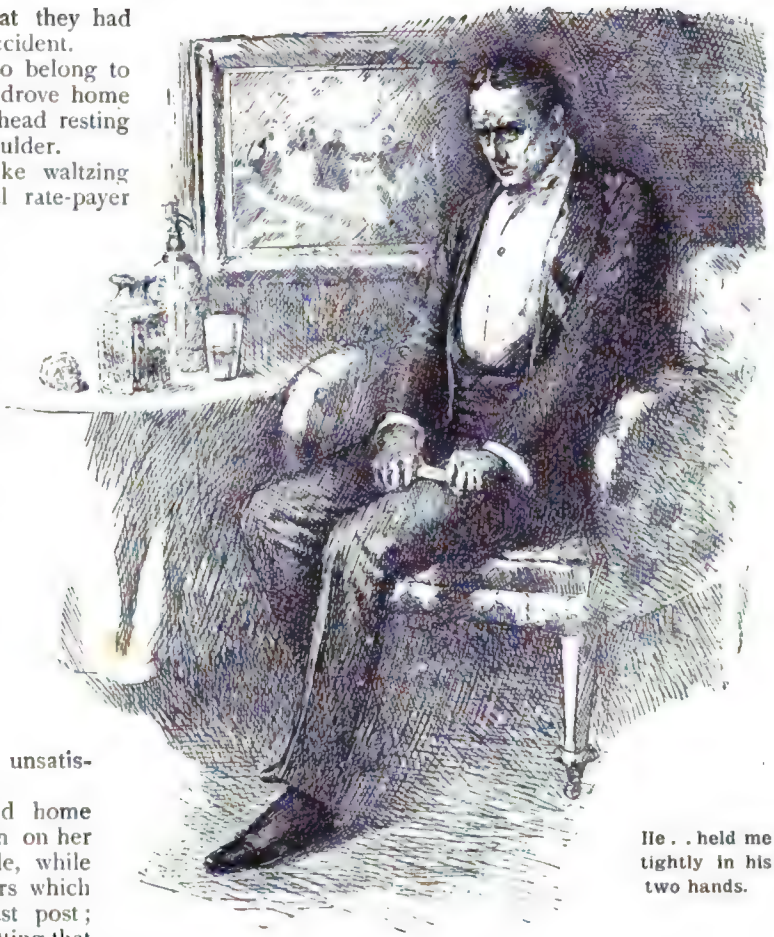
Keith left the sentence half unfinished, so his wife concluded it for him.

"You waltz better than anyone I've ever known—unless it was Nigel Clide!" she said daringly.

Keith relaxed the lover-like closeness of his clasp.

"I am flattered at being classed with Captain Clide," he answered rather coldly. (A husband who hasn't a liberal fund of jealousy must be extremely unsatisfactory.)

When they reached home Yolanda put me down on her husband's study table, while they read some letters which had come by the last post; then, apparently forgetting that *I* was tired as well as herself, she hurried up to her own room, leaving me in close proximity to an unpleasant cigar box and objectionable decanter.



He . . held me tightly in his two hands.

After Keith had mixed himself what I have since learnt to be a whisky and soda, he idly raised me in his hand and examined me.

A very nice, tender, manly look stole into his eyes as they rested on what he believed to be one of his pre-marital gifts to his wife.

"Six months ago," he murmured, "six months since ——"

Suddenly he stopped. The tender, manly look was replaced by a fierce blaze, while his profile grew alarmingly Napoleonic.

His eyes were fixed on the pencilled address which disfigured one of my white, virgin sticks.

He was quite still for a moment, then, uttering a short word which a white lace fan couldn't *possibly* repeat, he shut me up with an agonising sudden click, and held me tightly in his two hands.

I was terrified – in another moment I should be broken in half, a spoilt, ruined, useless thing!

"Pardon, monsieur, but madame have left her fan."

The voice of Yolanda's French maid had saved me!

"Yes—so—I—see? Take it to her and—good night, good night!" replied Keith, handing me to a trim, much-frilled young person, whose accent was less intermittent than that of Lady Danver's maid.

The young person heard the new note in Keith's voice with evident satisfaction. Six months without a marital ruction had been infinitely dull.

That night I slept quite comfortably in a corner drawer, lying on a white feather stole and next to a somewhat soiled black gauze fan, who, like many another "bygone," found

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supreme relish in retailing and hearing gossip.

From her I learnt a good deal about the household into which chance and accident had so curiously placed me.

"Oh! yes, the Dellmores are a devoted couple, which, from what Lady Joy's flower fan told me, has quite upset the prophecies of all the Society prophets," said Madame la Gauze before I had been ten minutes in the corner drawer.

"Oh, why is that?"

"Because Yolanda has been breaking hearts ever since her first season—two years ago—and everyone anticipated that she would break her husband's as well! It seemed impossible that Yolanda Guin could ever give up flirting,—but she has!—*up to the present!*"

"Has she ever cared for anyone else?"

The black gauze fan fluttered with suppressed excitement.

"Well, you know, she was engaged to a Captain Clide—Nigel Clide—who turned out to be a bit of a blackguard (What is a blackguard? Oh! a man who forgets to be careful!), so the match was broken off, but people *do* say that the reason Keith feels so particularly uneasy about him is that ——"

Here a voice from the back of the drawer interposed—it belonged to a small Spanish fan on whose glittering breast a toreador and a dark-eyed señora were dancing a salterro.

"Then I may tell you that Keith Dellmore has no reason to feel uneasy," chimed in Donna España. "I was in Yolanda's hand when she gave Captain Clide his *congé* (it was at the Baltrys' fancy-dress ball), so I know what she said and how he took it! Uneasy when she hasn't heard anything of him from that day to this! Oh, la la! *Dios di mi alma! Yolanda esta una* —— !"

Then, as neither Madame la Gauze nor myself understood Spanish, we adopted an air of bored languor, and dropped the conversation.

The next morning when I was just about to ask a few more questions, the frilly young person opened the drawer and began searching for something, which eventually turned out to be a lace handkerchief that she contemplated mending, "just by way of breaking the monotony of doing nothing"—as the cynical black gauze fan whispered under cover of the feather stole.

In looking for the handkerchief she turned me over with a careless, disrespectful touch, and in doing so, unfurled my sticks and displayed the pencilled address of the man who could sell Sir Charles Danver a bulldog.

For a moment her parrot-like eyes gleamed with fiendish joy. ("Ah! an intrigue at last!" I thought I heard her murmur). Then, as she suddenly examined the pattern of my lace edge, she gave a short grunt of disappointment, whisked me out of the drawer, and took me to Yolanda's boudoir, where a very pathetic-looking young matron dressed in a pale blue teagown sat gazing pathetically at nothing at all. (Was the pathos due to the fact that for the first time during their married six months Keith had departed for the War Office minus an ardent caress?)

"Pardon, madame," began the frilly person in particularly shattered English, "but you have brought home ze wrong fan. Zee, it is just as your own, but the border is different—leaves and not wild-roses—and there is one address wrote here—zee!"

A look of amused interest temporarily chased away the pathos, as Yolanda once more took me in her soft, sympathetic hand and examined the "bulldog's" address.

"'2 Court Square Mansions!'" she murmured, "I wonder who lives there! Probably the owner or a friend of the owner!"

"Shall I send it round, madame?" queried the frilly person.

"Yes—at least, no—I shall be driving past there this afternoon—I'll leave it myself. It will be amusing!"

So my fate was sealed!

I was destined to go to—*the bulldog!*

At about five o'clock that afternoon, Yolanda, carrying me wrapped up in soft tissue paper, stopped her carriage in front of Court Square Mansions.

Oh! my apprehensions! I fluttered as though I had been in the hands of a *débutante* receiving her first offer.

No. 2 was on the ground floor to the right.

"Ting-g-g-g" went the electric bell, half tremulously, as though disturbed by the touch of a woman's glove.

The door was opened by a servant who looked at Yolanda with a veiled gleam of recognition in his well-trained eyes.

"I took a fan last night," began Yolanda, "and I find now ——"

Suddenly she stopped; her voice had penetrated to the inner room.

The door opened. The servant with the well-trained eyes vanished into obscurity.

"Yolanda!" cried the man who had stepped from that inner room; and though I am only an inexperienced fan, I knew by the tone of his voice as he spoke her name that he loved

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her—or that he had loved her, which often amounts to much about the same thing!

"I—I—have come by mistake—I had no idea that——"

"That I had moved here?"

"Not the least, Captain Clide."

By this time Yolanda had recovered from her embarrassment—she was absolutely "Mrs. Dellmore!"

The man whom the black gauze fan had described as "a blackguard" only bowed.

I felt sorry for "the blackguard" somehow, because Yolanda had nervously torn my paper wrappings, and through the tears I could see his eyes.

The eyes were not bad, whatever the mouth may have been!

Briefly Mrs. Dellmore explained the situation, and with equal brevity her one-time lover replied.

Then when she had gained the information that he knew nothing about me, and that it was impossible I could be in any way connected with him, she bowed and took her leave, while "the blackguard" watched her with a very hopeless expression on his face.

Slowly Yolanda moved across the square stone entrance hall, turned round the marble pillar, and then ——

"*Keith! You!*"

Husband and wife stood face to face.

"You have come fr-from No. 2?" (It was more an assertion than a query.)

"Y-y-yes, I——"

"You got Captain Clide's new address last night, and you wrote it on the sticks of your fan so that you—you—should not forget! It was unfortunate, but I happened to see the fan, and I equally *happened* to watch your movements this afternoon!"

For one moment Yolanda forgot the desperate pride that was part of her.

"Keith!" she cried, "I only found out this morning that the fan wasn't mine, and that there was writing on the sticks; so, as I didn't know who lived at 2 Court Square Mansions I thought I would—would ——"

Here she broke down.

This statement of facts sounded so hideously lame!

"*Don't,*" answered Keith without an inflexion in his voice, "*don't*—it's so terribly *useless!*"

Then without another word he raised his hat and turned away.

Half mechanically Yolanda entered the brougham and gave the order—"Home."

"*Home!*"

Very softly she repeated that dear word which means so much to women; then checking the involuntary softening of her heart, she closed her lips in a tight, hard line, till it almost seemed that a rosy, pouting mouth could never have been!

It was the face of a woman forming her first giant resolution, and I guessed that the resolution meant—"good-bye!"

Directly we reached "home" she opened her husband's study door, and threw me down on to the writing-table with such force that I feared one of my ribs was fractured; then she hurried upstairs.

A moment later I heard her calling to the frilled young person.

"Lisette, pack my things at once, I—I—have been suddenly called away."

So it was all my fault!

If only I could have spoken ten words of explanation everything would have been put right; but in spite of the fact that I was quite transparent and easily seen through, I was condemned to keep a secret that I longed to divulge!

Of course it was my mission in life to cause "breezes," but not such a devastating holocaust as I had raised at 10 Westford Crescent!

Just as I was wishing that my sticks had never left the African forests and that my covering had for ever remained on the pillow at Brussels, the door opened and Keith entered the room.

Oh! how I trembled till my "ivories" knocked together!

Would he see me? Would he shatter me? Would he tear me and break me into a hundred crushed and torn atoms?

Slowly he crossed to the writing-table on which I was lying, looked at me, and pushed me on one side as though I were something tainted; then, with a deep sound in his throat that frightened me, dropped his head on to his big white hands and remained terribly silent.

The sad silence was only broken by sounds of hurrying and scurrying, opening and shutting of boxes, and the quick patter of the frilled young person's small feet in the room above.

Half-an-hour passed, then there came a lull as Lisette called to the footman that everything was ready, and that a four-wheeler would be required in five minutes.

The seconds passed and grew into minutes—in a hundred and twenty more clock ticks it would all be over—my fault, only my fault!

Suddenly the door opened to admit a

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servant bearing a letter which had evidently been left by hand, and was addressed to "Keith Dellmore, Esq."

His first impulse was to lay it by unnoticed—his second to tear open the envelope and read the contents, which, from my half-raised position on the top of a pile of papers, I could see ran as follows:

14 Crook Street, W.

Dear Mr. Dellmore,

Could you kindly help me out of a difficulty before I am forced to confess to my husband that I have committed the heinous crime of being careless?

Last at night at Gayford House, Charles met a Mr. Canyne who gave him the address of a man who has a bulldog for sale. This I wrote on the sticks of my fan, put the fan down, and evidently took up another (which happens to be a trifle better than my own) instead, thus losing the address as well as the fan! My reason for applying to *you* is that Mr. Canyne mentioned to Charles that this individual had some little time back sold a dog to *you*; therefore it occurred to me that you could possibly supply the lost information. I would not trouble you only as Mr. Canyne started for Sweden this morning, it would mean infinite delay to apply to him.

With kindest regards to your wife and self,

Yours most truly, JANE DANVER.

P.S.—I believe the address was "Court" something, but my miserable head gets more sieve-like every day! I shall forget my own name soon!

As for what followed next—well, it was most embarrassing for a white maiden fan.

Keith Dellmore picked me up, pressed me to his lips and simply *covered* me with burning, ardent kisses; then dashing out of the room, he encountered his wife just as she was coming downstairs.

"Yolanda!" he cried.

"Yes!"

"I—I—have just received this—er—read it!

Silence—only the fluttering of paper.

"Yes, I have read it. I am glad you understand, but it makes no difference—*you have doubled me!*"

And without another word she moved towards the door, as Keith Dellmore turned and re-entered his study.

* *

The seconds passed.

Again I lay on the writing-table near to a man's bowed head.

It was terrible to see him like this!

How *could* she! How could a girl with all life's gladness lying at her feet, cast it away, just for the sake of silly pride!

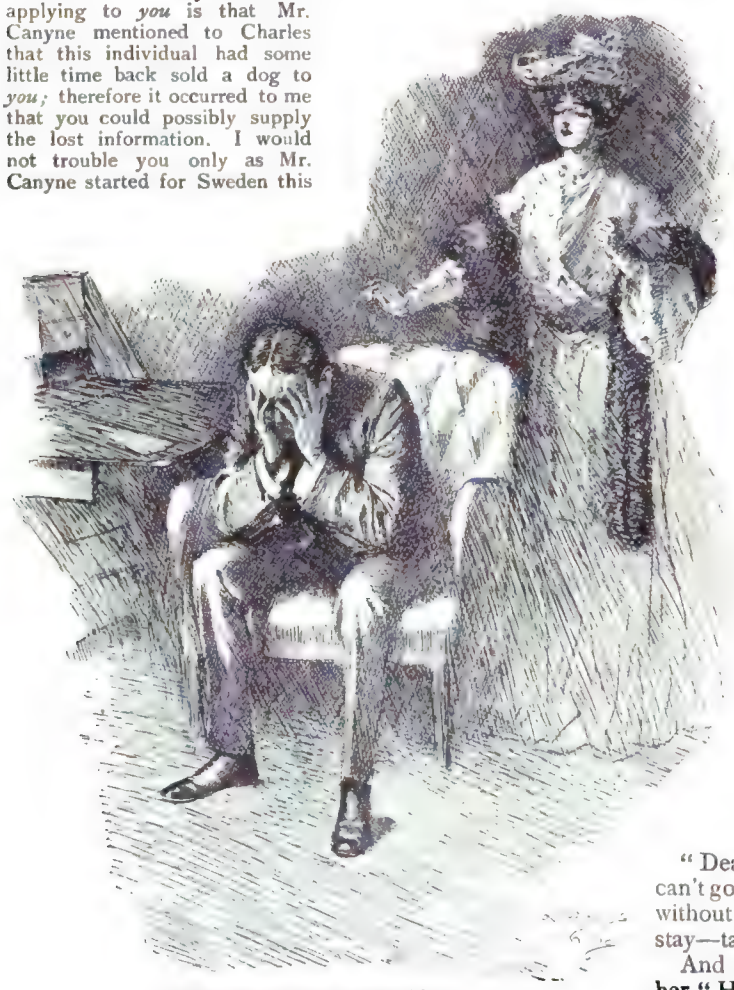
If only I could call her!—if only——

Ah! What is that sound? The silken swish of a woman's skirts! The door opens—it is Yolanda.

Softly she came towards him.

"Dear," she murmured. "I can't go—all the world is nowhere without you—Keith I—I—will stay—take me home, dear!"

And opening his arms he took her "Home!"



Softly she came towards him.

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UNCLE'S 'ORSE

BY

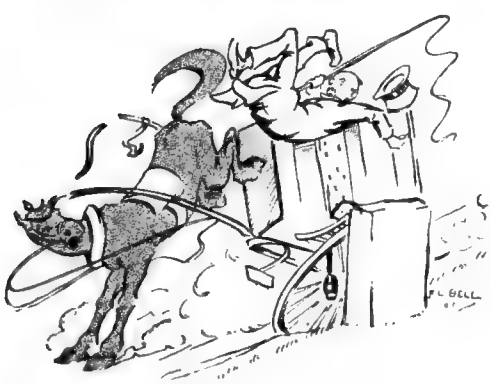
L. E. TIDDEMAN.

UNCLE'S 'orse was ailin'.
So sez I:
"I've got one as I can sell yer,
By and by."
"Trot 'im out, nevvy," sez Uncle Joe.
So I trots 'im out in the court below.

He was a kind of a
Spotted roan.
Short in the tail, that
I must own.
But me and my wife we'd worked a bit—
No fault of ours if he wasn't fit.

Uncle said as 'is 'orse must 'ave
A lovely mane,
Same as the mare as 'ad fallen sick,
Eliza Jane.
And he wanted 'im black as black could be,
That meant some paintin' for wife and me.

Our old 'orse 'ad a scrubby mane,
Exactly so.
Some men 'ave beards, while other chaps
Can't make 'em grow.
That ain't no vice nor want o' sense,
But something wrong with Providence.



We talked about her curious ways,
Me and my wife.
Sez she: "Things go contrariwise,
But such is life."
Sez I: "You never spoke more true,
Just 'and me that there pot o' glue."

With that and with some good 'orsehair,
We did the trick,
Mournin' meanwhile for Uncle's mare
As was so sick.
But all the while we made our moan,
We doctored up the spotted roan.

"There's somethink," sez my wife to me,
"That's inconwenient."
"Well, give it mouth, my dear," sez I,
Uncommon lenient.
Sez she, most delicately winkin',
"The roan's a jibber, I'm a-thinkin'."

'Twas then I made it plain to 'er
That Uncle Joe
'Ad 'ad 'is span of mortal days
Down 'ere below.
And when he changed from man to sperrit,
'Twas me and 'er as would inherit.

For twenty years and more my wife
'As lived with me,
So she 'as learnt a thing or two,
As you'll agree.
She smiled—us bein' quite alone,
Me and 'er and the spotted roan.

So that was 'ow it 'appened as
The good old man
Got chucked out accidental from
His shandrydan,
And 'cos of Uncle Joseph's shocking end,
I sold the spotted roan off—to a friend.

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Photo *Elliott & Fry.*

Lieut.-General J. J. McLeod Innes, R.E., V.C., who played a prominent part in the defence of the Residency of Lucknow.

SURVIVORS' TALES OF GREAT EVENTS

GLEANED AND EDITED BY WALTER WOOD.

No. IV.—THE DEFENCE OF THE RESIDENCY OF LUCKNOW.

FROM THE NARRATIVE OF LIEUT.-GENERAL J. J. McLEOD INNES, R.E., V.C.

"WHEN I joined at Lucknow early in 1857," said General Innes, "there was irritation in the district, owing to the presence of robber bands, the remains of the chronic bandit warfare of this province; but there was not a whisper of sedition, though the cartridge business, to which the Mutiny has been attributed, was causing anxiety in Calcutta and at Umballa.

"The first event of importance was the arrival of Sir Henry Lawrence a few days after I joined. On May 12th news reached him of the risings at Meerut and at Delhi, which began the war of the Mutiny. Sir Henry at once realised the gravity of the danger, and his work and correspondence became overwhelming, including, as it did, advice to out-stations, and to Sir Hugh Wheeler at Cawnpore, the detachment of troops in all directions, the strengthening of the military position so as to control the native force at the Lucknow cantonments, and finally the occupation of the Muchi Bhown as a fort or stronghold to overawe the city and its great mosques and buildings.

"The prominent feature of the Muchi

Lucknow, the capital of Oude, is a city on the River Goomtee. At the time of the Indian Mutiny, all the principal buildings, including the Residency, were on the banks of the river. The Residency was a large inclosure, which, being on higher ground than the rest of Lucknow, practically commanded the city. Many vaults ran underground from it for a considerable distance. Nearly a thousand yards away, to the west, was a strong fort, called the Muchi Bhown, and four miles away, on the Cawnpore road, was a winter palace of the King of Oude, called the Alum Bagh.

To understand the narrative of General Innes clearly, it should be remembered that Lucknow was seized by the mutineers, and the garrison was besieged in the Residency. Sir Henry Havelock cut his way through to the Residency, and the reinforced garrison continued the defence until Sir Colin Campbell advanced to their relief. Sir Colin retreated from the Residency to Cawnpore with the women and children, the sick and wounded, leaving Sir James Outram to hold Lucknow until he returned, and finally took the city from the rebels.

The whole of the distinguished military career of General James John McLeod Innes, V.C., has been associated with India. He was born in that country on February 5th, 1830, and came home to be educated at Edinburgh University and Addiscombe. On returning to the East, he was appointed, while still a youth, lieutenant in the Bengal Engineers. He served throughout the Mutiny Campaign of 1857-58, sharing in many fights, being severely wounded, and winning the Victoria Cross. After the war General Innes filled many important public appointments in India, amongst them being that of Inspector-General of Military Works.

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Bhown was an old, massive-looking pile, of castellated appearance, about a hundred yards square. It was perched on a natural eminence about thirty feet above the adjacent streets and roads. On one side of the pile were large and airy arcaded halls, but the rest of the rooms were unsuited for use except by natives or for stores. All the roofs were flat with parapet walls.

"I was appointed engineer to the fort, and instantly began to clear the place, which was a work of several days. It is impossible in a limited space to go into detail concerning the engineering work generally, or my own particular share in it; but I may mention that I prepared sites at both ends of the position at the Muchi Bhown for some of the heavy guns which had been brought in from the old arsenal in the city. Next day the native force in the Muchi Bhown was increased, and I began preparations for roofing and converting into powder and ordnance magazines two large, old, dry reservoirs, which had been superseded by very good wells.

"Again, on the top of the highest parapets, bordering and commanding the streets, I added two bricks to their height with six-inch gaps at every yard, and laid in those gaps the worthless popguns which had been brought in from the arsenal. These weapons were of no real use whatever, and their employment was a mere trick; but the deception was perfectly successful, for the apparent view from the surrounding streets was that of a circuit of grinning parapet, filled with small guns at close intervals. Indeed, the rumour gained credence that this was an armament of three hundred guns—and very telling it was on the populace! The rumour was the more readily credited because no one but selected artisans and Sikh sepoys was allowed in these mysterious upper regions.

"By May 23rd the position had become secure; its garrison being six companies, including one of the 32nd Foot, now the 1st Battalion Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. I continued extending the accommodation for both European and native troops and for prisoners of rank and station, for hospitals, and for the quickly-growing accessory wants—accommodation which was sorely needed, and which, even before the siege, had many heavy calls upon it.

"On the night of May 30th the long-threatening storm burst, and the Mutiny broke out in cantonments. The British forces had been kept intensely on the alert, and were fully ready for the rising when it came off.

"The mutinous sepoys broke out from their lines at evening gun-fire. They scattered over the cantonments, sought out, gutted, and burnt down the officers' houses, and fired their muskets towards the British camp, where the 32nd were drawn up, with some artillery, ready for action. They murdered the officer in charge of the main picket, and another officer was killed by a stray shot.

"Next morning the mutineers were attacked and dispersed, and were pursued for about ten miles. The rising was followed on the 31st by an attempt of some conspirators in the city to join the mutineers; but they were crushed and scattered.

"Strong steps were needed and were instantly taken, for on June 1st I had erected gallows outside the city gate of the Muchi Bhown, and on them the mutineers who had been taken prisoners and convicted of murder or treason were hanged. These stern measures, however, had little or no effect on the rising, for every day news came of fresh mutinies at out-stations. Fugitives arrived and had to be accommodated either in the Muchi Bhown or the Residency, and they were generally accompanied by more or less faithful sepoys, which did not lighten our trouble in the beleaguered posts.

"Numerous men of rank and influence, but of doubtful loyalty, were brought in, and kept under more or less close confinement, and, at the same time, some who were criminals of position, including two or three of the deepest dye, parricides and others, like the Rajah of Toolseepore. This state of things continued for three weeks.

"By June 20th there were rumours of the mutineer regiments of Oudh and Rohilkund showing signs of concentrating for some common rendezvous to our north-east, and I learnt, on the other hand, that there were numerous isolated friendly bodies of natives; that food and cattle were pouring in to us from every direction; and that our position at the Residency, not a mile off, was being formed into a ring fence, and prepared for an all-round siege. Swarms of workmen were busy at the Residency, putting it into a state of defence; and there were enlivening and exhilarating feelings arising from the knowledge that this was being vigorously done, as well as from the continuous movement of the storing of carts and elephants which brought in supplies to help us all to face and endure the impending siege.

"Meanwhile my works at the city front went on in full vigour, crowds being busily employed. There was not yet a sign of diffi-

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culty, of anxiety of any kind, till June 30th, when we heard of the enemy's approach, and we officers had sat down to breakfast as usual. Presently I heard an occasional cannon shot, but no heavy firing, when suddenly our old havildar (native sergeant) of the Pensioners, entered the room, and told Major Francis, who was in command, that our troops were returning, driven back by the enemy in much superior force.

"I was no sooner outside to see how matters were going, than I found that this news had reached the workpeople also, and that they had all stampeded. I made everything as snug as possible, and especially examined and completed any shortcomings in the two new magazines (which had now been filled with powder and arsenal stores), and posted a sentry at the semaphore to report at once any signalling from the Residency.

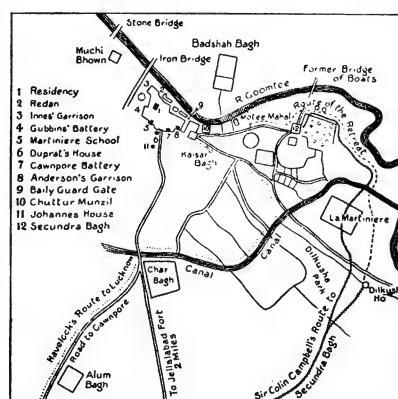
"Presently our officers and men began to arrive from the fight which had taken place at the village of Chinhut, in which our force had been practically routed by overwhelming numbers. The 32nd, being prostrated by the heat, had lost 100 men; but the retirement was, otherwise, under control, and the troops rejoined the two positions.

"In an hour or so the whole of our force was collected in the Residency and the Muchi Bhown; but the enemy, who followed up hard, were checked by the guns of those two positions. But they crossed the river by the iron and stone bridges, the bridge of boats, and otherwise during the day and in the darkness of the night, and next morning both our positions were closely surrounded by the mutineers. Early in the forenoon the semaphore called us to 'Attention,' and I read off, letter by letter, the message, 'Retire to-night at twelve; blow up well.' A council was at once held, with closed doors, and arrangements were discussed and settled in full detail for the retirement ordered.

"During the previous night the native artillery drivers had fled, and so the gun-teams had to be driven by officers. The State prisoners, as well as the sick and wounded, were to be secured on the artillery waggons, and the guns that were to be left behind were to be spiked at the last moment. As the rearguard left, the ordnance officer, Lieutenant Thomas, was to fire the train which was to explode the magazines a few minutes later.

"We of the council proceeded quietly to take the preliminary steps assigned us, no one else being told of it. Meanwhile the one matter of chief moment—the preparations for the blowing up of the two magazines—was equally quietly begun by Lieut. Thomas. At six o'clock all the sentries were doubled, and the strictest guard was organised against the possibility of any idea of our intentions getting outside. As a fact, not a whisper of them ever reached the enemy, and whilst we were preparing for the move at midnight, our howitzers and mortars were firing at intervals on the gardens and spaces occupied by the enemy between the two positions.

"By eleven o'clock the guns, etc., which were to accompany us, were very quietly formed up in due order on the lower plateau where the exit gate was, and the several sections of the party, including the State prisoners and hospital, found their proper places in the order of the procession. Lieutenant Thomas had been preparing his two magazines for the explosion, and had arranged a system of fuses that should take fifteen minutes to burn through.



In this sketch map of Lucknow, the chief points around which the greatest excitement centred are plainly shown, as also are the routes taken by Sir Henry Havelock and Sir Colin Campbell.

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"As the hour of midnight struck, I saw the Eastern Gate thrown open, and the head of the column start on what, in my heart, I thought would be a hopeless march, and rode up to Thomas with orders to light his fuse. He and I then moved down together to the rear of the column. Then I pressed my way forward, amazed beyond measure at not hearing a shot or row of any kind, and found, on reaching the entrance to the Residency grounds below the Redan (a ride of 1000 yards) that the head of our column was actually reaching the Redan Gate itself!

"As I began riding up the Redan Road a shot pealed forth from the Redan Battery, fired under a mistaken idea of the gunner that Sir Henry's order, 'Open the gate,' was 'Open with grape.' Fortunately no harm was done.

"Then the extraordinary truth became known—that the mutineers, who had been surrounding this position all day, had disappeared for a frolic in the city! The whole of our force was therefore able to enter the Residency position, and did enter it, without loss of any kind whatever.

"Sir Henry asked me fully of our measures, and was overjoyed at the completeness of the evacuation of the Muchi Bhown. Then all at once he exclaimed: 'But why have you not blown it up?' No sooner had he spoken than there was a great shake of the earth, a thunderous report, an increase of darkness, and then an intense blaze, for the Muchi Bhown magazine had been successfully exploded!

"We were all now, in the early hours of July 2nd, concentrated in full force in the Residency intrenchments, prepared to hold it to the death.

"Sir Henry's happiness was intense, and his closing words were: 'Till now, Innes, we owe our lives to you; from now, all will rest with Fulton,' implying that the speciality of the defence was an Engineer officer. And so, with a buoyant heart, in the very small hours of the morning, I joined our engineer party in the house called Anderson's Post. Later on, but still very early in the morning, I was hailed by Sir Henry, and accompanied him round the position.

"That was the last I saw of our brave and beloved leader.

"In another hour he was mortally wounded. Already one shell had burst in the room in the Residency which he had chosen for himself. After returning to his apartment at the close of his round of inspection, a round in which he impressed on every man his duty to hold out to the death, and in which he steadied every soul in the garrison by his own noble example and dauntless courage, another shell entered and burst. Sir Henry was mortally wounded by the explosion, and two days later he died, to the intense grief of all, myself in particular, for he was to me more than a friend—he was a father.

"After this heavy and almost irreparable loss, the life of the defence centred in Captain Fulton, of the Madras Engineers. Many were the gallant souls who departed, either killed or dying of wounds or disease; but our greatest loss after Sir Henry was Fulton, who was killed by a round shot in Gubbins' Bastion, eleven days before Havelock joined hands with us.

"His skill, energy, and wonderful resourcefulness had won the love and confidence of all, and it is not too much to say that his cheerful presence and the sight of his shrewd and resolute face did more than any score of other men to keep up our spirits. His appearance was the signal for all of us to be up and doing. Fulton was a crack shot, and did great execution amongst the enemy's sharpshooters.

"Once a friend of his cried out to him, while they were firing at the enemy, 'There are two men at the loophole!' Fulton fired at the spot indicated, and next day it was reported that two men had been killed by one shot at this particular loophole—one of them being a native officer who commanded the post."

Let us now leave the general's story for a moment or two, so that we may picture the state of things in the Residency. By this time the mutineers have completely hedged the Residency in; they are at least twenty deep all round, and not the boldest man in the beleaguered garrison believes that there would be a chance of escape, of cutting through the bloodthirsty and cruel besiegers with the bayonet, by even the most desperate and courageous forlorn hope. Day follows day, each bringing its gloomy tale of death and the heavier pall of burial.

For every day there is the tribute to the grave—every day except one, and that is to become pitifully memorable because it is not marked by either death or burial! Many deaths there have been, some of brave and loving officers, of gently-nurtured women, who have uncomplainingly taken the places of the cowardly servants who fled at the beginning of trouble. These women have discharged all the unattractive duties which fall on those who live and move in close and

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pestilential quarters in an Eastern city, for since the siege began the women and children have been sheltered in the inner courts and lower storeys of the buildings, where the bullets cannot penetrate. These non-combatants have been rigidly forbidden to stir from their retreats, and to this care is due the fact that they are practically immune from the danger of the mutineers' fire.

At the beginning of the siege there were 240 women and 270 children, but at the end of the eighty-seven days, during which the banner of Britain is kept flying, it is to be found that of the women three have been killed and eleven have died, while of the children no less than one-third have perished. These losses have been due to hardships and exposure and want of comforts; but not to lack of actual food, for the care of Sir Henry has secured the entire garrison against that. His wisdom and foresight, indeed, have overshadowed all else, and amongst all the deaths in that heroic garrison none was greater nor more bitterly deplored than his. But the sound of his voice was still heard, and often in hours of darkest gloom and deepest despair his thrilling words were re-echoed—and nobly obeyed—"Never surrender!"

The garrison, then, is rigidly, and, as it seems, hopelessly beleaguered; the enemy, cunning, resourceful, pitiless, is working at his mines, so that he may reach the Residency and blow it up, with all the hated white people who are prisoners within its stifling walls. He has no mercy even for the sick and dying children, or the despairing and heartbroken mothers who tend them and try to stave off a greater and more ruthless enemy.

To meet and thwart the purpose of the mutineers Lieutenant Innes and the rest of the Engineers are steadily working at their counter-mines, so that the enemy may be destroyed as he burrows underground. There is amongst the defenders the constant loss by death, the ceaseless prostration due to illness, the never ending miseries which mark such a stubborn siege as this, and the agony of deferred hope to crush the most sanguine spirit, the endless watching for the help that does not come, just as castaways at sea scan the horizon for a sight of steam or sail.

But it is this very expectation of relief which makes it possible to hold out, to go on making mines and sorties, to defy the savage enemy to the bitter end, for it is known that Sir Henry Havelock and Sir Colin Campbell, as well as Sir James Outram, are working up to the salvation of the garrison.

A wonderful and daring exploit has electrified the heroic band who hold the Residency. Thomas Henry Kavanagh, who went to Lucknow with Lawrence, who knows the natives and the city thoroughly, has disguised himself as a native, has bravely plunged into the midst of the mutineers, made his way through them at the peril of an awful death, has joined Sir Colin, and is now guiding him back to Lucknow. Outram and Havelock have succeeded in reaching the Residency by September 26th, but the garrison is not to be actually relieved until a few weeks later, when Sir Colin's force will cut through the incircling besiegers, avoiding the miles of deadly narrow lanes leading to the Residency —lanes through which Outram had fought his way at heavy loss—and, directed by Kavanagh, he will reach the Residency by way of Dilkoosha Park, and thereby avoid much loss to the British troops.

To resume the General's narrative:—"It was only by degrees that I mastered the mutually defensive features of the posts—my chief duty continuing to lie at the Redan. It soon became obvious that the enemy were making it, somehow or other, their chief point of attack. So, one night, I donned some garments, which had been dyed black, crept out of the Redan, crawled along to the open ground well to its front, and then right and left; but I could detect no mischievous sound or sight of any kind. As it turned out, the enemy were mining, but had not yet reached half-way up.

"Again, on the night of the 18th, a native being seen lying dead in front of the Baily Guard Gate, we opened it slightly, and I crawled out with a rope and fastened it round the body, which on being hauled in was found to be that of a woman; but no letter or anything of importance was found on her.

"On the morning of July 20th came the first, and the greatest, all round attack by the whole strength of the enemy. The look-out at the top of the Residency had warned us that the enemy's movements showed something to be impending, and I was taking a snatch of breakfast when a great roar and earthquake, followed at once by a furious artillery and musketry fire, announced a grave assault.

"The earthquake meant the explosion of a mine by which the enemy thought they would ruin the Redan Battery; but its site was, even now, at only half the proper distance; so the attempt was innocuous. The enemy's attacks were very bold at first, especially against the Cawnpore Battery, and were continued all

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"I lighted the fuse, and sixty seconds later the house heaved upwards, the walls fell outwards."

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day, but without any success. So we rejoiced greatly.

"The enemy having now started mining, we forthwith began preparatory defensive and counter operations. These went on without intermission to the end of the siege, which was marked by three great attacks, at intervals of about three weeks.

"The third and longest stage of the siege was notable for one exceptional mining operation. The most mischievous post held by the enemy was Johannes' House, which it had been intended to include within our own defences, but which was lost to us by the suddenness of the start of the siege. It was specially mischievous because it fired straight down our principal road, was held by picked marksmen, and had done much fatal damage.

"I had shortly before clambered up, in the night, by a ruined staircase, *outside* a small post, next Anderson's, called De Prat's Shop, in full view of our watchful enemy, and had found the roof covered with much valuable material and implements, such as picks, shovels and tools of all sorts, and tarpaulins. I had thrown them all over the edge into the interior, and now, with these available, Fulton assigned me the unique task of blowing up Johannes' House! Here was an exceptional enterprise and a feather in my cap.

"To plan the operation properly I had to get on to the top of the building we called the Martinière, and, crawling along the inside of the outer parapet, and extending a measuring tape all along it, take bearings, from the shot-holes, of the two ends of the enemy's post.

"I thus ascertained, and was able to plot accurately, the lie of the enemy's post relatively to our own. Having done this, I started my gallery (main mine) at a level well below the road outside, from a point which I calculated to be exactly opposite the middle of Johannes' House; drove that gallery straight underneath the building till I judged it to be a point more than six feet inside it, then drove two other galleries from that point, right and left, each twelve feet long, and then two very short branches from each of them, right and left, at the ends of which were the four points at which to lay my four charges. These were each of 100 lb. The rest of the work was quickly finished, and all was ready by the very small hours of August 21st.

"By the first streak of dawn the troops were all ready for a sortie, and we began a fusillade against Johannes' House to attract the enemy into it. When it was well filled, I lighted the fuse, and sixty seconds later the house heaved upwards, the walls fell outwards, its crowded garrison lay dead or dying on the ground, and our sortie party cleared the adjacent houses.

"Our Cawnpore battery was thus freed from the scorpion that had hitherto been stinging and paralysing it, and it could now sweep and protect the whole front to well beyond Gubbins' Post.

"On September 5th the third and last all-round attack on us was made. This was the first occasion on which we saw amongst the enemy other than regular sepoys. These were men with matchlocks, spears, and bows and arrows, either Talukdars' clansmen, or men of an aboriginal tribe called Pasees, and a very strange, old-world appearance they presented, too.

"On the 22nd I was told that our most effective messenger, Ungud, had arrived with letters from Outram and Havelock, telling of their approach to the Alum Bagh, and thence to our relief. The next day we heard their royal salute fired at the Alum Bagh.

"On the 24th there was a lull, while they were arranging for the next day's movements.

"We heard firing all day on the 25th without being able to judge of its site, while the town population to our east were ceaselessly and in crowds fleeing north across the Goomtee. Then suddenly we heard firing near us on the east. Our friends had been circling round the east of the city, and just as dusk was coming on, Havelock's foremost troops came sweeping down the two streets leading to the Baily Guard Gate and the Cawnpore Battery!

"Our reinforcement — practically our relief—had been effected!

"In the course of that evening I met a few of my old friends and brother officers, and till midnight I was in the roads outside, which the relieving party had traversed, helping to bring in the wounded. After about four hours' sleep I was out again, bringing in others of the wounded; but at daylight I was attached to a party which was to sortie from Innes' Post and clear out any enemy that might be lurking in the long grass on that front.

"At first no one was to be seen, but I plunged into and through the long grass, and emerged after a few yards into the open. Lawrence's party had not followed me, but instead of them, a party of sepoys in undress uniform emerged, running down towards the road below.

"Then suddenly they turned to the left, on which, thinking they belonged to our party, I called out to them: 'No—halt! Turn to

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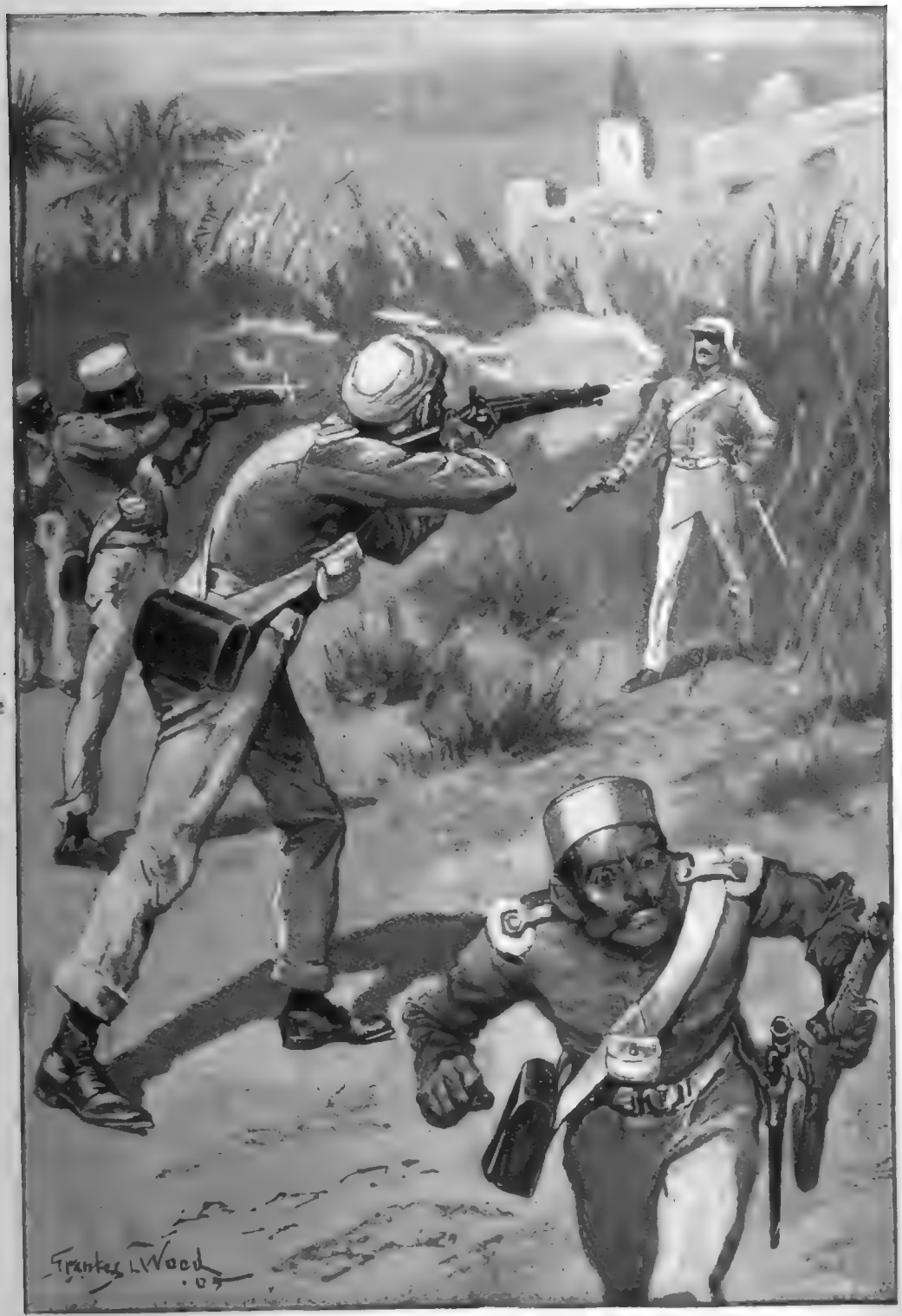

"They . . . blazed away at me, but did not hit me."

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the right!' Thereupon they halted, turned round, and blazed away at me, but did not hit me. I fired my revolver at them, but it never went off, the powder having got wet during the night's work.

"I was now transferred to the Chuttur Munzil, under Major Crommelin. This was the new position extending eastward on the river front.

"My work under my new chief was, I found, to be almost entirely restricted to mining operations, to their initiation and control, and the guidance and supervision of the young and inexperienced officers and men appointed to the work.

"Disconnected attacks occupied us till October 8th, by which time I was able to carry out a systematic defence with the newly-trained troops and followers. But it was against a most persistent series of attacks. Not only were there sixteen separate and distinct aggressive mines carried out against us, but some were of unprecedented length.

"Our defensive measure against this very extensive mining attack was the construction of 1100 yards of mining galleries—which either stopped or broke into the enemy's mines. One of them was so long, that though it had not reached its aim, the Hirn Khana (deer house), it had to be stopped, as the miners could not breathe in it.

"Of the many minor incidents of the siege I will mention two or three. One of the enemy's shots caught the end of a punkah-fringe and tore down most of it. Being checked while doing this, the shot got a circular motion and whirled round a young officer of the 32nd, its final impact breaking his leg and causing his death. Another shot smashed the leg of a chair on which a lady was sitting and brought her to the ground. Then the shot was caught in her dress, unrolled itself, and ran along the floor without doing further harm. Another shot grazed the temple of a young Engineer officer who was asleep, broke the skin, and plunged into a treasure-chest beyond; while a further shot cut through the pillow on which a Fusilier officer was sleeping and broke the leg of a bed next him.

"I may also tell of an amusing incident in which I was concerned. The end of our mine was a long distance from its mouth, and was reached by a succession of bends and zig-zags. The enemy's miners were quite close to ours, and working very cautiously with trowels instead of picks. I had placed one of my men at each bend for prompt communication and support, and had been waiting an apparently interminable time for the breaking-in of the enemy. I had heard their voices, and at last became aware of a speck of light.

"Remaining quite still, I soon heard whispering begin; then suddenly throwing myself against the film of earth that separated us, I broke into their gallery and scrambled after the skedaddling enemy, and, soon followed by my men with picks, reached the foot of their shaft and began digging earth from the roof of the gallery for the formation of a slight parapet. The shaft was evidently below the room of a building, and the uproar and shouting above us was tremendous—soon followed by the pouring down of bucketfuls of water, evidently to drown us out! This was checked, however, by my parapet.

This was my last piece of real work. Before I woke in the morning I was screaming with agony, having been suddenly and virulently attacked with scurvy. From that day I could not move except on crutches; and on crutches, therefore, the rest of my duty and work was done.

"Sir Colin Campbell was by this time halted at the Alum Bagh, for Kavanagh had effected his great feat of riding through the city in disguise, and carrying to him the plans of our position. Then for a few days we heard the firing of Sir Colin's advance from the Alum Bagh to the Martinière and other positions on the extreme east, and after that came his capture of the Secundra Bagh, and his direct advance towards us along the right bank of the river.

"When Sir Colin reached the Motee Mahal, Outram, Havelock, and Napier galloped out to meet him; and Napier was badly wounded. The meeting of the Generals has formed the subject of a historical picture. From this day I was, practically, laid up entirely, and kept to my cot. Then visitors from Sir Colin's force came in to look up their friends, and this was my first sight of Roberts, now Earl Roberts, but at that time a subaltern of artillery, and somewhat junior to me. He had been distinguishing himself in the attack of the enemy's position nearest us.

"Presently we learnt that Sir Colin had decided to withdraw the whole garrison and give up the Residency. However sound the measure, we of the old garrison were very angry, as if our honour were touched—we who had so long kept the flag of England flying from our tower and held the enemy at bay."

Next month will be told "The Story of the Suppression of the Chinese Pirates in 1849." from the narrative of Admiral Sir J. C. Dalrymple Hay.

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"THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW."

The Triumphal Meeting of Sir Henry Havelock, Sir James Outram, and Sir Colin Campbell.

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MR. X —HIS PAGES.

Monthly I Successfully Trick Every Reader—X.

Puzzle Penknives or Puzzle Purses will be given as prizes to readers who forward *new* puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X" and wishing for a reply, should inclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE), 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

THE LONGEST WORD WITHOUT A LOOP.

What is the longest word in our language without any looped letters? INCONVENIENCE and RECONNAISSANCE are pretty fair examples, can any readers supply better ones? Puzzle Penknives or Purses (at the discretion of the winners) will be given to the six competitors from whom are received the five longest English words containing no looped letters. Attempts must reach "Mr. X." (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, 18 Henrietta Street, W.C.), on or before, May 20th, and must be marked "Loop." "Mr. X." would rather have post-cards than letters. No competitor may send more than five words. The looped letters in the English alphabet are, of course, as follows:

b f g h j k l y z

WHY IS A CALLER LIKE A LOVER?
Because
He comes to a door (adore),
He gives the bell (belle) a ring,
He gives the maid his name, and
If he does not find her out he is taken in.

TELLING CARDS WHEN BLINDFOLDED.

A simple trick, a puzzling trick, and a trick which only requires a confederate seated near you. Taking a pack of cards, you get one of the company to blindfold you. You then talk about the peculiar smell and feel of the court cards, and say that by smell and touch alone you will distinguish them from the rest of the pack. Drawing each card in turn you first hold it up to the general view, then feel its face and smell it carefully. To everybody's surprise you at once distinguish each court card, laying the others aside. The secret is simple. When a court card is exhibited your confederate treads on your foot or touches you.

PRONUNCIATION.

JONES: "How do you pronounce pol-op-ony?"

ROBINSON: "Why, pol*o*pony, of course."

JONES: "No."

ROBINSON: "How do you pronounce it?"

JONES: "Well, I usually pronounce it polo pony."

$X = \div +$

A SMOKER'S CATCH.

FUNNE: "Have you ever seen anyone light his pipe with his left hand?"

DUNNE: "No. Come to think of it, I never have; I wonder why."

FUNNE: "Why, it's not so easy. I bet you can't, for example."

DUNNE: "Nonsense." (Striking a match with his left hand and puffing vigorously.) "There you are."

FUNNE: "There I'm not! I asked you to light your pipe, not your tobacco—anyone can do that."

A PUZZLING EPITAPH.

0 4 1 2 8
0 4 1 2 0
0 2 80 4 128
0 2 45 4

The above verse is said to have been transcribed from the grave of a soldier, and expresses, in the alternate lines in poetical antithesis, the hardships endured by the campaigner during life contrasted with the peacefulness of his state in death.

0 4 1 2 8
(Nought for one to ate.)
0 4 1 2 0
(Nought for one to sigh for (cipher).)
0 2 80 4 128
(Nought too weighty for one to ate.)
0 2 45 4
(Nought to fortify for.)

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A Railway Problem.

SMITH: "I went from London to Manchester the other day in twenty minutes!"

JONES: "Oh, that's nothing. I went to the Booking Office at Manchester, got a third class ticket to London, and came up in a second."

The Thirty Boys and the Fifteen Seats.

At a certain private school there are thirty boys; fifteen of them are going in for the army, fifteen are destined for a university career. As a result, there is considerable rivalry between the two factions.

The other day, however, the army set distinctly "scored off" the university set.

It was like this.

The whole thirty of them arrived at the station on the first day of last term by the same train. Now, there was only one conveyance to meet them—a brake which could by no means hold more than fifteen passengers. The school was a good five miles from the station, and a dispute at once arose as to which boys should go in the brake.

They very nearly came to blows about it, but at length all agreed to the suggestion of one of the army set—namely, that they should place themselves in a circle and be "counted out." Every ninth man to walk until there were only fifteen left.

It sounded perfectly fair, but it wasn't really, because the cunning originator of the scheme so placed his companions that every ninth boy was one of the university set, the whole of which had to walk whilst the "armys" drove off rejoicing. Now, how were they arranged so as to accomplish this result?

The secret lies in the following magic verse:

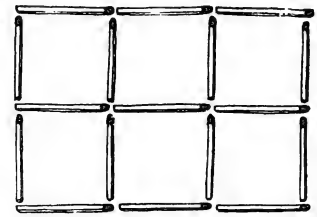
From numbers aid and art
Never will fame depart—

and is worked in this way: For each vowel in the couplet, taken in order, place together a number of boys equal to the number of the vowel as it occurs in the five. Start with army boys, then university—then army again and so on alternately.

Thus, O is the first vowel in the verse and the fourth in the alphabet; therefore, commence with four army boys. Next comes U, which is the fifth vowel, and five university boys stand next accordingly. Then E is represented by two army boys, and so on. Numbering from right to left, every ninth boy will be found to be one of the university set.

Takes some Squaring.

Here are six squares made of seventeen matches. The puzzle is, to remove five matches so as to leave, without altering the position of any of the others, three squares only.



A Fishy Story.

BROWN: "I went out fishing the other day and caught a fish weighing seven pounds."

ROBINSON: "How did you know that it weighed seven pounds?"

BROWN: "Oh, that was easy enough, because it had scales on its back."

Unkind.

HOB.: "Oh! I say! I saw something in a tramcar this morning that would have tickled you immensely."

NOB.: "What was that?"

HOB.: "Straw."

COMPETITION RESULTS.

"MR. X's" MONTHLY PRIZE.—No. 4.

There were a large number of entries in this Competition, and readers exhibited great ingenuity in their transpositions. The prize of five shillings goes to William Burns, Mount Collyre, Dr Gilbert, Ayr, and a prize of pocket-knife has been awarded to Ernest McClatchie, 29 Edith Road, W. Kensington, whose attempt was a very good second best.

2 = 3.

The flaw in the chain of reasoning consists of assuming that because two complex quantities are equal, their square roots are also equal. A square root may be either a minus or a plus quantity, *e.g.* $(-\frac{1}{2})^2 = (\frac{1}{2})^2$, both sides of the equation being equal to $\frac{1}{4}$, but it does not follow that $-\frac{1}{2} = \frac{1}{2}$.

So many readers were anxious to prove that their instruction in arithmetic did not date back to prehistoric times, and have done so successfully, that "Mr. X" found it very difficult to allot the five pocket-knives offered for the solution of this little problem. He has decided to increase the number of prizes offered to ten, and these have been awarded as follows:

A. Hughes, 9 Grove Street, Oxford.
R. H. Robbins, St. Mary's Hospital, W.
J. Robertshaw, Trinity College, Cambridge.
W. D. Roberts, B.A., 16 Cheriton Gardens, Folkestone.
W. Tapley, 17 Brendrette Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.
Eng. Lieut. W. H. Crichton, Royal Naval Barracks, Devonport.
Francis McDonald, The Monastery National School, Kildare.
Herbert Pepper, 1 Lome Street, Pretoria Avenue, Walthamstow.
M. F. Gore-White, Wellington College, Berks.
Ashley Ironmire, Heidelberg College, Heidelberg, Germany.

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THE LUCKY OPAL

The Story of a Strange Coincidence Which Had a Happy Ending.

. . By . .
James Ball Naylor.

♡ ♡

It was a black and stormy December night. The raindrops froze as they fell; and chill dampness penetrated entrances and halls.

Dr. Fred Dunbar shivered involuntarily and stretched his legs to the fire; then he lighted a cigar and, sitting up in his comfortable armchair, began the perusal of an evening paper. He was a man of thirty-two, tall, erect, and handsome. As he sat there, absent-mindedly twirling his brown moustache around an index-finger, a self-satisfied smile crept over his face, lighting up his frank blue eyes. Knocking the ashes from his cigar, he yawned sleepily:

"Well, I'm a lucky dog *this* night. Whew! hear the wind. Wouldn't I hate to face it? It's a wonder I *don't* have to go out to-night; I've been doing a deal of nightwork recently. Let's see. I've been here six months only; and already my income's becoming burdensome—almost pays my laundry bill. By Jove! it's a good thing for the young man in love with his profession to have something to fall back upon. Otherwise, through lack of proper nourishment, he might become his own skeleton, and——"

Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling!

It was the telephone bell. The sound abruptly roused the doctor from his reverie. Springing to his feet, he crossed the room and took down the receiver.

"Hello!" he called.

"Hello! Is this Dr. Dunbar?"

"Yes."

"Doctor, please come to the corner of King Street and Globe Avenue immediately."

"All right; but who is it?"

"Will you come?"

"Yes; but——"

At that moment the other party rang off.

Dr. Dunbar hung up his receiver, muttering angrily:

"Well, that beats everything! Whoever that was evidently doesn't often call in a doctor—or there's something shady about the affair."

A scowl rested upon his handsome face; and he strode up and down the room in perplexity.

"Corner of King Street and Globe Avenue," he continued musingly; "that's the other side of the town. And, if my memory serves me right, it's just beyond the cement-works. There isn't a house near there—ah!"—and he stopped and caught his breath sharply. "That's where an old barn stands. I understand everything now. I've heard it rumoured that the sporting fraternity is in the habit of having fights in that unused building. Perhaps someone has been injured."

He ordered his horse, and hastily prepared for a disagreeable trip.

The night was intensely black, the wind blew a stiff gale, and the rain fell in sheets.

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He soon left the brilliantly lighted streets behind, and emerged into the suburbs. Then came the cement-works and the cottages surrounding them. The last light disappeared —he could hardly see to drive.

Of a sudden he pulled up, and, peering intently into the blackness ahead of him, growled shiveringly:

"I must be near the place. Yes; there it is—right under my nose."

He shook the reins, and again moved forward. A muffled figure emerged from the shadow of the building he was nearing and called softly:

"Hello! Is that Dr. Dunbar?"

"Yes."

The man advanced, and, seizing the bridle, said quietly but firmly:

"You'd better get out here. Your horse will be all right."

The doctor naturally felt suspicious, but he consented to accompany the stranger to the barn. Then a voice whispered in his ear:

"Don't be alarmed, doctor; no harm is intended. A patient needs your services—a patient whom you mustn't know. It's a matter of life and death, and haste is necessary. Therefore you must consent to do my bidding; there's no time to get another doctor."

Somewhat reassured and emboldened by the speaker's tone and words, Dr. Dunbar replied:

"I can't understand you, nor your method of procuring medical aid. However, as your language indicates you're a gentleman and not a footpad, I'm ready to listen to you. What do you desire?"

"That you be blindfolded before you're conducted to the presence of the patient."

"Blindfolded!"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll be—what if I refuse?"

"Don't speak so loud," cautioned the man. "If you refuse, I shall force you to do as I wish; I've help at hand."

"Huh! What if I should raise an outcry?"

"Listen!" the voice said menacingly. "This is a lonely place—no one could hear you. Do my bidding, and you shall return home amply rewarded for your services; refuse, and——"

"And what?" Dunbar asked calmly. He had regained control of himself, and all his fears had vanished.

"And you die!" whispered the man, putting the cold muzzle of a revolver against the doctor's temple.

Fred Dunbar's voice did not quaver, though he involuntarily drew away from the cold weapon pressing his forehead. He said stoutly:

"Indeed! I don't believe you'd *dare* to shoot me, so don't flatter yourself you're frightening me into acceding to your demands. And a truce to your heroics. I'll see this thing through—I consent to be blindfolded. But I can't understand how I'm to attend to a patient with my eyes bandaged."

"Never mind that for the present," replied the mysterious personage.

Immediately a muslin bag was dropped over the doctor's head, and a silken scarf was wound round it a number of times.

"It appears you don't wish me to see or hear either," he remarked chuckling, the humour of the affair appealing to him.

"True," was the terse answer. "Here is your bag. Come on."

The doctor felt himself being led across the barn floor. A door opened, and the air blew upon him.

"Is the patient near at hand?" he inquired, some concern in his tone.

"No," was the curt rejoinder that came as a muffled whisper to his bandaged ears.

The man led him over the uneven ground for a few yards. Then they came to a sudden halt, and, by the sense of touch, the professional man became aware that they stood at the side of a closed cab.

"Climb in," commanded the conductor.

The doctor obeyed; and his companion followed him. The door was closed softly, and Dunbar felt rather than heard the driver scramble to his seat.

Away they rolled. The earth was soft, and the impact of the horses' feet upon it gave forth but little sound. The cab swayed and lurched fearfully; they were moving rapidly over the rough roads. Then, after some minutes, the doctor's bandaged ears caught faintly the sound of iron shoes upon paved streets.

"We're returning towards the town," was his mental comment. "What's to be the outcome of this adventure?"

Again they were upon the soft earth of the suburbs. After what seemed an age to Dunbar's overwrought imagination, the vehicle came to a stop. The two men alighted, and the conductor led the doctor up the front steps of a building. Dunbar counted them as he ascended—one, two, three, four. Then the door opened and closed; and they were standing in a spacious hallway—so the doctor judged from the warm air and the hollow sound of the closing door.

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A voice that was not the voice of the conductor came to his muffled ears, saying:

"Thank Heaven! You're here at last. I thought you'd never come. There's not a moment to waste—take him to her at once."

"A lady patient," murmured the doctor beneath his mask; and his heart throbbed with expectancy.

Once more his conductor's hand was laid upon his shoulder; and these words were breathed into his ear:

"I've brought you here to see a lady who has accidentally poisoned herself. For the sake of the family we don't want it noised abroad; people are prone to put a wrong construction upon such accidents. I'll conduct you to her apartment at once. There you may remove the scarf from your head; you'll be able to see and hear through your mask. A servant is in attendance, who will procure you anything you need. Do for the patient everything that lies in your power; you shall be well paid. But you mustn't reveal your face nor your name to her; nor must you make any effort to discover who she is. Do you understand?"

Dr. Dunbar nodded.

"Very well. Remember the servant will report any treachery. If you attempt to deceive me, in the minutest particular, you'll never leave this house alive. No one but myself and trusted assistants knows you're here."

"It may become necessary for me to see her face," the doctor began.

"Under *no circumstances* are you to see her face!" was the stern interruption.

"Then I may not be able to save her life——"

"You *must!* You'll save her life or *forfeit your own!*"

Dr. Dunbar was conducted up a broad stairway and pushed into a room. Then the door was closed and locked behind him. He placed his bag upon the floor and removed the scarf that incircled his head. Then he became aware that there were holes in the muslin mask through which he could see distinctly. He was in a large chamber richly furnished. Before him stood an aged and repulsive-looking woman, evidently the servant. Upon a luxurious bed in the corner lay the patient.

A light covering hid her form, and one white hand rested upon it. The loose sleeve of her gown had slipped up, and the arm thus revealed was plump and shapely. Her face and neck were enveloped in the folds of a white scarf or mantilla; lips and teeth only were visible. The doctor found the pulse slow and weak, and noted that the nails were purple, and the hand and arm cold. The full lips were discoloured, and the respiration was slow and laboured.

"Weak circulation—heart slow," was his quick diagnosis.

Then, bending over the prostrate form, he cried sharply:

"Are you awake? Can you hear me?"

The still form did not stir.

Turning to the attendant, the doctor asked:

"How long has your mistress lain so?"

"For more than two hours."

"Do you know what she took?"

The woman silently handed him a folded paper containing a few grains of a white, crystalline powder. Dunbar gingerly tested it, and, making a wry face, muttered half audibly:

"Acetanalid—I thought so. That calls for prompt action."

Then to the woman:

"Get me some warm water, and a spoon and a glass—and be quick about it. I want warm flannel, hot-water bottles, and brandy, too. Hurry!"

Someone was restlessly pacing up and down the hall outside. The servant tapped upon the door and it was opened slightly. Soon the doctor had the desired articles, and again the door was closed and locked.

He went to work with a will. He directed the servant to place the hot-water bottles in the bed, and to wrap the cold form in warm flannels. In the meantime he had loaded his hypodermic syringe with a powerful heart stimulant. Stepping to the bedside, he prepared to inject the medicine into his veiled patient's arm. He caught the glitter of a costly ring upon her finger, and paused momentarily to examine it. It was a neat band of gold set with a large Hungarian opal, in which a heart of fire was blazing.

"I *believe* I'd know that ring again," he whispered, as he slipped the loose sleeve still higher, and remorselessly thrust the keen needle into the white skin.

For several minutes he sat upon the side of the bed, holding a finger over the minute puncture he had made, and silently watching the effects of the medicine. The attendant scrutinised his every movement. He saw a small, shining white mark upon the patient's arm, and examined it closely. It was a vaccination scar almost effaced by time, and just above it were three small brown moles in a cluster.

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"I *know* I'd recognise that arm, should I ever chance to see it again," he mused.

Again he felt the pulse. It was stronger, more rapid. The discolouration was forsaking the lips. The medicine was having the desired effect. The patient stirred uneasily.

"Hand me that glass of brandy and water," the doctor said to the attendant.

Slowly and skilfully he poured a small quantity of the mixture between his patient's parted lips. Mechanically she swallowed. He repeated the dose, and she strangled and coughed. Then her hands and limbs began to recover their warmth, and she heaved a deep breath.

"Are you feeling better?" he asked in a loud tone.

The woman silently handed him a folded paper containing a few grains of a white, crystalline powder.

"Yes," was the reply, as faint as the whisper of a summer breeze.

He gave her a dose of brandy and digitalis, and leaving the bedside walked up and down the room for several minutes. Again he examined the pulse, and found it steadier and stronger.

"You're much better?" he suggested.

"Yes," was the answer.

Her voice was weak, but as clear and sweet as the ripple of crystal water.

"I'm the doctor," he said.

"Oh, why didn't you let me die?" she sighed deeply, despairingly.

"I'd know that voice again, too," he thought; but aloud he said to the servant:

"Your mistress is out of danger; I'm going. Give her a dose of this medicine in half an hour."

As he shook hands with his mysterious patient in parting, both of hers sought his in warm pressure, and the whispered words "Help me!" greeted his ears.

Then he felt a crumpled bit of paper thrust into his palm, and he adroitly transferred it to his pocket without attracting the attention of the watchful attendant.

"Here—arrange this scarf for me," he muttered brusquely, to divert her attention.

Then he groped his way to the door, his heart thumping in wild and exultant tumult.

Just outside, his conductor gripped his arm, and inquired anxiously:

"What's her condition?"

"She's out of danger."

"You're not deceiving me?"

"No."

"Here's your reward, then." And a roll of bank notes was thrust into the doctor's hand.

Again the two were in the cab. Neither spoke during the return journey to the old barn.

An hour later Dunbar was sitting by his study fire, with nothing but a roll of bank notes to prove he had not dreamt it all. Yes, he had one other proof — the crumpled bit of paper; and now he spread it out upon his knee and carefully examined it. It was a scrawling note, written in soft pencil upon a piece of tissue paper.

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Many of the words were illegible, but this is what Dr. Dunbar deciphered:

DOCTOR,—Whoever . . . be . . . my intention to commit suicide . . . to bring someone . . . rescue . . . virtually a prisoner . . . hands . . . relatives . . . pity . . . find me alive . . . not matter . . . die . . . so miserably unhappy.—ELO . . . LE . . . IER.

"Whew!" whistled the doctor, as he folded the strange missive and placed it in his pocketbook. "I glean from these broken sentences that my veiled lady didn't mean to commit suicide, but took that rather heroic method of summoning aid. However, she thought it mattered little if she *did* die—she's so miserably unhappy. A prisoner in the hands of her relatives, eh? What the mischief can it all mean? She thought to bring a doctor and give him this note; then she expected him to take steps to deliver her from the clutches of her relatives. But they trumped her trick neatly! I don't know her face, nor where she lives; I can't make out her name, even—Eloise something, of course. French, maybe—pshaw!"

He sat and thought until the fire went out and the room grew cold. Then he retired; but he could not sleep. The tinkle of that silvery voice was in his ears; the fiery heart of the Hungarian opal flashed before his closed eyes.

"Stuff!" he muttered at last, in deep disgust. "Why shouldn't *I* sleep over the matter? Doubtless she's some romantic and lovelorn maiden subject to attacks of hysteria."

But, all the same, he could not forget that voice; he was in love with it.

Six months passed. One balmy June morning he was called out. His horse was lame, and he took a tramcar. At one stopping place a gentleman and lady got in and took seats opposite. The man was swarthy, of middle age, and foreign and sinister aspect. The woman was tall and willowy, but so closely veiled that Dunbar could not get a glimmer of her face. Her escort stared hard at the physician from time to time, and appeared ill at ease.

When the conductor came to collect the fares, the foreign-looking gentleman could not produce the requisite change, and he appealed to his companion.

"Have you any small coins?" he asked.

Dunbar pricked up his ears; the man's voice sounded so strangely familiar.

"I think so—yes," was the young lady's reply.

Dunbar started visibly. It was the voice he loved—the voice of his waking dreams, but stronger and fuller than he ever heard it. At once the cool and reasoning physician vanished, and the hot and impulsive lover was there in his stead. He quivered with excitement. He saw the black eyes of the foreigner fixed full upon him, but he could not control his agitation. The young woman quietly removed her glove to procure the necessary change from her purse; and Fred Dunbar almost sprang to his feet. Upon her finger was the opal ring that had haunted his sight for months!

It was *she!* With an effort he regained control of himself, and looked away from her. The tram came to a stop, and the couple alighted. The doctor forgot all about his professional visit, and, leaping to the ground, followed them at a distance, without pausing to question his motive or action. They proceeded along a shady street for some little distance, and then entered a big brick house. Dr. Dunbar counted the steps leading to the front door. There were four of them!

For the next few days he was in a fever of unrest and uncertainty. By inquiries he learnt that the family consisted of an old man, Henri De Voire, his son, Jean, and a young relative, Eloise Le Villier. They had occupied the house about a year, and no one knew whence they came. They were exclusive, entertaining no company and making few acquaintances. Miss Le Villier never went out unaccompanied by one of her male relatives, and few people had seen her unveiled.

Dunbar at least resolved that he must know the true status of affairs in that household. Should he write to Miss Le Villier? No; if she were under the malign control and espionage of her relatives, they would intercept any written communication. In a fit of desperation he resolved to call at the house, and impetuously carried out his resolution. As he drove up to the sombre-looking residence, he reviled himself for a love-sick idiot—but did not hold back.

An old man was spraying the front lawn. Of him the doctor inquired:

"Is Mr. De Voire at home?"

"The De Voires don't live here now," was the unexpected and disconcerting reply,

"Don't live here?" the doctor exclaimed incredulously.

"No, sir; they left the day before yesterday."

"The young lady—Miss Le Villier, too?"

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"Of course. They went to the Lakes for her health."

"Is she ill?"

"No; just a little off in her mind, you know. They never allowed her out of their sight. She's been better of late, but they took a sudden notion to go—and they went."

Dr. Dunbar returned home in a perplexed and depressed state or mind. So this was the end of his love dream. He had been in love with the voice of a half demented nonentity! He tried to despise himself, but he could not. He vowed that he would root the whole affair from his mind, and deliberately sat down to think it over! In the end he came back to his original conviction—that Eloise Le Villier was a wronged and suffering young woman. And her voice continued to haunt him.

Summer sped and winter came. Again Dr. Dunbar sat alone in his room after a day of hard work, and again the telephone bell broke in upon his reverie. It was a call from the Hostlerie, an aristocratic boarding-house in Vaughan Street.

The landlady met him in the hall when he arrived, and said:

"Miss Lindsey in No. 8 was taken with a severe chill and pain in her chest about noon, and now she's feverish and delirious. Sarah, show Dr. Dunbar up to No. 8."

No. 8 was a little suite of three rooms. A beautiful young woman, her face flushed with fever and framed in a tumbled mass of raven hair, turned towards the door as the doctor entered, and two black eyes stared wildly at him. He advanced to the bed and spoke soothingly to the delirious sufferer. Her lips moved tremulously, but no sound came forth, and she kept her gaze fixed upon his face. His strong, warm fingers sought her wrist as he stood studying her countenance. His touch appeared to soothe and reassure her, and she wearily dropped her dark lashes.

The respiration was hurried and jerky. The pulse was rapid and bounding.

"Pneumonia," was his decision, when he had finished his examination.

Just as he turned to give a command to the attendant, the patient's other hand fluttered restlessly from beneath the coverlet. Again the fateful opal revealed itself to Dr. Dunbar's startled gaze! He sprang to the bedside—unheeding the presence of the astonished servant—and, pushing up the flowing sleeve, examined the white and shapely arm. The marks were before him—"Miss Lindsey" was Eloise Le Villier!

Blessing the Fates that had at last thrown them together, Dr. Dunbar set to work to save the life that was oscillating in the balance. He installed a trained nurse and made frequent visits. In two weeks his patient was convalescent, and a few days later, when he entered her apartment one morning, he found her smiling at him from the cushioned depths of an arm-chair. She was thin and pale, but very beautiful, he thought.

"Good-morning, doctor," was her pleasant greeting. "I feel so much better this morning that I must perform a duty I've neglected. I desire to thank you for your skilful and unremitting care."

"Don't thank me," he replied. "I'm rewarded to find you so much improved."

"You've been very kind to me—a total stranger," she went on slowly; "and very successful in your treatment. I can't realise how you understand me—my case, so well; you never treated me before——"

He resolved upon a bold stroke, and interrupted with:

"But I *have* treated you before, Miss ——"

He hesitated—paused, in embarrassment. All through her illness he had called her "Miss Lindsey." What should he call her now? She turned her black eyes full upon him, in silent inquiry. He was considering whether it would be well to let her know all—whether the surprise would be too much for her weakened nerves.

"You say you've treated me before, doctor?"

He had gone too far; his retreat was barred.

"Yes," he answered quietly. "I've treated you *once* before, Miss Le Villier."

He expected her to be startled—alarmed; to faint, or have a nervous attack. But she did nothing of the kind. Instead, she coolly leant back in her chair, half closing her eyes, and returned smilingly:

"So you know me, Dr. Dunbar?"

"I do."

"Then you must be the doctor who attended me when I took acetanalid; for this is the only second time in my life that I've been under a doctor's care."

He nodded gravely.

"That explains, then," she murmured musingly. "Many times during my present illness I've striven to recall where I had heard your voice. Your face did not appear familiar, but your voice seemed to be like that of an old friend—that is——"

She broke off abruptly, her cheeks flushed.

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Noticing her agitation, the doctor remarked:

"You're exciting yourself; you'll be worse. You must talk no more at present."

"I'm stronger than you think, doctor, and I'm not tiring myself," she answered pleadingly. "How did you discover my identity? You didn't see my face that night you—you saved my life?"

And again the pink flush suffused her cheeks. Dr. Dunbar was eyeing her keenly, and attributed her agitation to embarrassment and nervous excitement. Now he said positively:

"We'll drop the subject for the time. I'm not going to allow you to work injury to yourself."

"No—no!" she pleaded prettily, laying her hand on his sleeve. "Tell me how you know me."

With her slender white fingers caressing his arm and her soulful black eyes turned beseechingly to his, he could not refuse her request—especially as he *desired* to do just what she requested, so he told her of the opal ring and the marks upon her arm.

"How interesting—how romantic!" she cried in genuine delight, laughing merrily.

Then, with instant gravity:

"But you haven't informed me how you learnt my name. Surely Jean didn't tell you after all the pains he took to conceal my identity? You see, he tauntingly told me all—after I recovered—how he had brought you to the house and kept you in ignorance of who you were."

Dr. Dunbar made her acquainted with the tramcar episode, and his subsequent inquiries. She clapped her hands in ecstasy, crying:

"You should be a detective, doctor!"

Again, looking pensively grave, she continued:

"But you *were* the knight errant I thought you; you *did* try to come to my rescue."

"Did you think me a knight errant?" And he laughed uneasily. "How could you? You didn't know me—you hadn't seen me."

"I know," she replied, with a bewitching show of embarrassment, "but I heard your voice, and—and I remembered it. And a number of days ago a suspicion flashed upon me that you were the doctor who attended me in my previous illness."

"And you *were* in need of help?"

She drew herself up stiffly, as she replied:

"Certainly! Did you doubt it?"

"I—didn't know what to think," he stammered confusedly. "I couldn't decipher all your note, you know; and——"

"*I* know what

"No—no!" she pleaded prettily, laying her hand on his sleeve. "Tell me how you know me."

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you thought," she broke in indignantly; "you thought me a hysterical young miss crossed in love! Oh, I know you cold and heartless professional men!"

He laughed heartily at her keen intuition, and she joined him.

"I *did* try to make myself believe something of the kind," he confessed, "but could not. Can you forgive me?"

"Readily!" And once more the hot blood rushed to her face.

"Tell me of yourself," he said suddenly.

"What do you want to know?"

"Everything!"

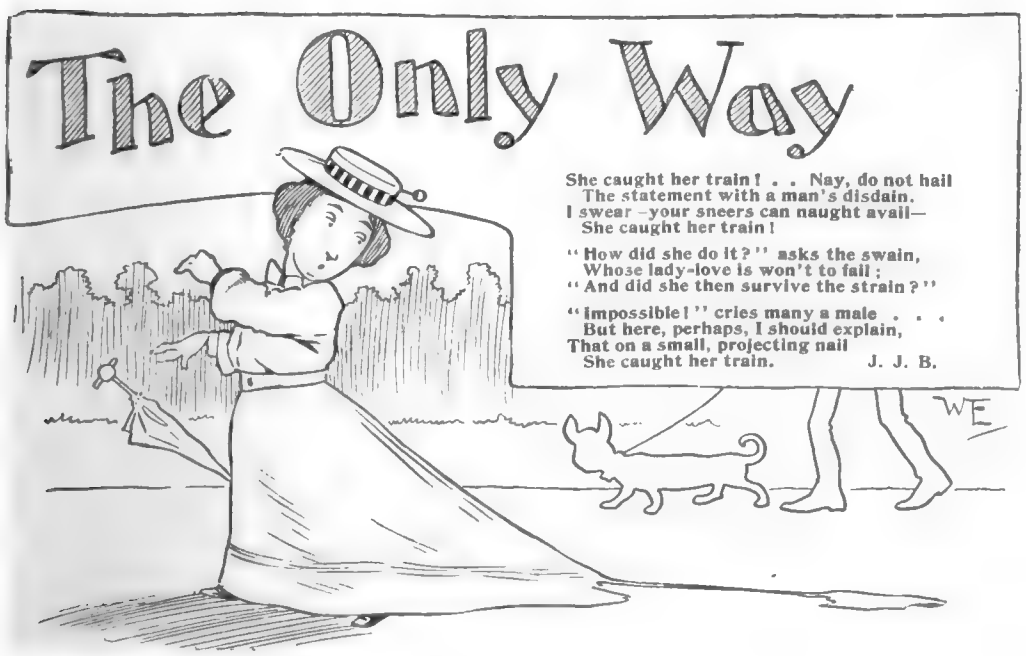
"Which is very little. I'm French. My parents died when I was quite young, and I was left to the care of my father's cousin, Henry De Voire. He brought me and Jean to England, and we lived in one town after another. Jean's mother died before we left France. Two years ago he professed to love me, and asked me to marry him. I refused. His father joined him in his pleading; they wished to gain full control of my fortune. Still I refused; and at last they made a prisoner of me—would let me see no one unless they were present. They gave out that I was demented, and tried to force me to accede to their demands, but I was firm—obstinate, if you please. I didn't love Jean, and I couldn't marry him.

"A little over a year ago we came to this town. I was growing desperate; and, in casting about for an avenue of escape from their persecutions, I hit upon the plan—romantic and silly, perhaps—of which you know. After that, they ceased to torment me, in a measure, with their importunities; but last summer, of a sudden, they took me to Germany. I know now that they left here to escape your interference on my behalf.

"By mere chance I eluded their vigilance, and—selling my mother's jewels to obtain money—returned to this town. Here I've lived under an assumed name, teaching music to eke out an existence. You know the rest. I haven't tried to obtain possession of my fortune, for fear of them. The bare thought of Jean and his horrible temper terrorises me. Many times he threatened to place me in a private asylum, and at times I feared he would soon have just reason for so doing! You've been very kind to me, Dr. Dunbar; I feel grateful—I trust you. Oh, won't you protect and aid me?"

Tears were in her eyes. He took the slim, white hand, that rested so confidingly upon his arm—and, looking intently at the opal's heart of fire, made answer:

"If you'll give me the right, Eloise—yes!"


The Only Way
She caught her train! . . Nay, do not hail
The statement with a man's disdain.
I swear—your sneers can naught avail—
She caught her train!
"How did she do it?" asks the swain,
Whose lady-love is won't to fail;
"And did she then survive the strain?"
"Impossible!" cries many a male . . .
But here, perhaps, I should explain,
That on a small, projecting nail
She caught her train.
J. J. B.
WE

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ON FURTHER CONSIDERATION

The Story of How a Girl's Pluck and Perseverance Helped her Sick Father.

By Albert Spencer.

There is some good in everybody—even editors. I found this out when father was ill. He is Frank Marchant, the famous author, and I am Molly. I am fifteen, and I keep house for him and the boys, because mother is dead.

It was low fever in a malignant form, the doctor said, and he must be kept quiet, and not worried. So I sent the boys to Aunt Florence's. I did not let anybody worry him, but he worried himself.

The first week that father was in bed there were two cheques and one acceptance, and "The Silver Lining" came out in the *Sunday Sunbeam*, and only five tales were returned. So he did not worry more than usual. The second week thirteen came back. He was very feverish and weak, and kept telling me that he knew he would never sell another story, and we should be ruined. The third week there were nine "returns"; but four of them came by the same post, and I said it was only one.

He was very ill then, and laughed and sang to himself in a dreadfully hoarse voice, and made up a tale about an author who killed a lot of editors, and managed the magazines himself, and used all his own stories.

"But the public didn't appreciate them, Molly," he shouted. "They hanged him ever so many times—once for each of them. Nobody cared—not even his daughter!"

"Oh, daddy!" I begged, "don't!" It made me cry to hear him talk like that, because we are very fond of one another.

He went on laughing and singing, till he fell into a doze. When the postman came, I crept downstairs. It was "A Change of Luck" come back from the *Modern Magazine*, and "Her View" from the *Social Journal*. They had kept them a long time, and father quite reckoned on their taking them. I made up my mind not to tell him; but when I went back to his room, he was sitting up in bed.

"I—I have been light-headed, haven't I,

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dear?" he asked. His voice was very weak. "I'm a lot of trouble to you."

"Oh *no*, daddy!" I said. "Let me shake up your pillows."

"Thank you, darling—I—I heard the postman. Did you go to him?"

"Yes, dear—it's all right. Now, lie down or you'll catch cold."

He lay down, but he kept looking at me.

"I—I'm not worrying about the returns," he said. "Some are as good as accepted. There's the one at the *Modern Magazine*. They *can't* send that back."

"No, daddy, no." He caught hold of my arm.

"What *was* it to-night?" he asked.

"A—an acceptance," I stammered. He laughed out loud.

"Is it 'A Change of Luck'?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "a change of luck for you, daddy. Now, you'll be able to sleep, won't you?"

But he kept on talking about the tale, and how long it was, and how much they'd pay, and what he'd buy me out of the money, and how he always knew they would take it, till I had to hold myself to keep from screaming. I was rather hysterical, I think. At last he did go to sleep, and I sent the tale off to the *New Rambler*, and asked for an early reply. (They returned it the next evening.)

He was more cheerful the next morning, and said all the tales would sell soon. The postman brought three back at tea-time. Jane met him at the gate, so father did not know; but he saw his lamp when he came at nine, and got terribly excited again. It was two tales sent back from the *Jury Box*. I said they had kept "The Case of Millicent" for further consideration, and that quieted him. Of course, I knew it was wrong to tell stories like that; but I would rather do wrong than have my father die.

It was five weeks before he could get up for a little while, and I told him of eight acceptances. There were only two really, and they were "clearance sales"—the old ones that he sells to cheap papers, you know.

The other six were "A Change of Luck" and "A New Sensation," that I said the *Modern Magazine* had taken; "The Flight of Time," that I pretended the *Hourglass* had accepted; "A Musician's Ideal," that I put down to the *Artistic Miscellany*; and "Her Lover" and "Sweet Sixteen," that I had told him had gone to the *Domestic Circle* and the *Lady's Looking Glass*. (I said the *Wicked World* at first, but he would not believe that.)

I sent all the tales out again as soon as they came in, to see if somebody else would accept them. Dick wrote the letters for me, because he writes a business hand. (He is Carson major, and captain of the boys' school. He and I are chums. When we are old enough we are going to fall in love with one another). He paid for some of the stamps. He is very kind, and anybody would like him.

I felt very wicked in deceiving father, but the doctor said I must not tell him till he was quite well, or it would upset him. The tradesmen's books mounted up dreadfully, and one day I had no money at all. I found five shillings in my purse after Dick had looked in it for stamps. He said he had not put it there. I knew he had, because he went so red; but he would not take it back, though I got quite cross with him. I think I shall be very fond of him when we grow up.

The next day a cheque for three guineas came, so I had enough to go on with. I thought it was only two guineas; but Dick got his grandfather to cash the cheque, and they said it was three. I would not take the other guinea at first, but Dick brought a note from his grandfather saying it was all right. He lives with his grandparents, and they seem to like me.

When father could sit in his chair he wanted to begin writing more tales. I told him there was no hurry, because he had seventy-five on hand (it was eighty-one really) and they were selling quite fast. He pretended to be satisfied, but I knew he was not, and the six tales that were not sold worried me more than ever.

I talked to Dick about it on Saturday afternoon, when he was seeing me home from the football match. (He kicked two goals.) The doctor said I must go out, and Mrs. Serplis, the curate's wife, went in to sit with father. She is always so kind.

"You see, Dick," I said. "He *must* find out some day."

"Unless you sell the tales."

"You *know* I can't."

"How would it be if you went and told the editors? I suppose they feel like other people about—things?"

I laughed out loud.

"Oh, Dick!" I cried. "And they call you a clever boy!"

He kicked a stone as if it were a football.

"Well," he persisted—he is very obstinate —"if I were you I should go and see them.

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Tell them how it happened, and ask them to have another look at the tales. If they're half decent they'll buy them."

"It's very easy to tell other people what to do. How would *you* like to go?"

"Not at all; but I'll go if you want me to. You'd get over them better than I should."

"I can't see that," I objected.

"You can't see yourself, kiddy," he said with a grin.

He is nearly as silly about me as father, so I never pay any attention to them; but, of course, I cannot help knowing that some people *do* call me good-looking.

"You are a ridiculous boy," I said, "and a girl of fifteen is older than a boy of sixteen, and knows *ever* so much more."

I spoke to Jane about it in the evening. She is sensible for a servant, and she thought that I ought to go.

"Marster Dick's got an 'ead on 'is shoulders," she said, "if he ain't only a big clumsy boy."

"I'll thank you to speak properly of my friend, Jane," I said severely. "If you want to talk about clumsiness——"

"Not me!" she interrupted. She had broken two cups in washing up. "I don't mean as 'e ain't no clumsier 'n a chap of 'is hage and size orter be, an'll grow into a proper man, if 'e did throw the bluebag at me." He teases Jane. "An' if I was you, I'd go. You'll stare at 'em with them big eyes of yourn, an' talk soft like you can. Lor! No one 'ud think 'ow you can go on at anyone wot 'as a little accident, an'——"

"I don't go on at you any more than you deserve, Jane," I said. "If you aren't satisfied——?" I looked at her, and she looked at me. Then we both laughed. "I know I get cross sometimes," I owned.

"Not 'arf what yer might—well, you'll go an' look at 'em, an' talk pretty, an say, 'It would be *so* kind of you to look at it again' —an' they'll end by takin' it. Editors is only flesh and blood, w'en all's said an' done."

"I don't know about that," I said; but I went.

I called at the office of the *Modern Magazine* first. They tried to put me off, but I insisted that I must see the editor. He was a stout man, with an eyeglass, and he had not a nice way of speaking.

"What do you want?" he snapped. I told him, and he stared at me.

"Will you read them again?" I asked.

"No."

"Thank you." I bowed politely, and turned to the door

"You can tell him——" he began.

"He's not well enough to be told things."

"Then who sent that stuff last week?"

"I did."

"I don't like them." He said this quite rudely, and I was cross.

"I hoped you studied the taste of *your readers*," I said.

Then I went. I did not wonder that father had made up the tale about killing editors.

The next place I called at was *The Lady's Looking Glass*. The editor was a tired-looking little lady. She gave me a cup of tea, and said I was a brave girl.

"I'd like so much to help you," she said, "but I'm rather in trouble with the proprietor already for taking so many of your father's tales. The price is higher than he likes, and —well, you see, my dear, he's Scotch. Give your father my kind regards, and tell him I'll do the best I can with Mr. MacAllister; but when it comes to a question of money!" —she lifted up her hands and shook her head—"He's *very* Scotch!"

The editor of the *Domestic Circle* was out. The *Artistic Miscellany* man was in, but I had to wait half an hour, and then he said he could only give me two minutes. He was a thin young man, with black hair that nearly stood up straight. He looked more artistic than sensible.

"We are not—er—musical," he remarked in a lazy sort of voice. (It was "A Musician's Ideal," you know). "Aw—I'll look at it again, but—aw—I can give you no hope. Aw—you needn't leave stamps. Five weeks in bed, you said? Aw—poor fellow!——"

"It is *so* kind of you to look at it again," I said. "Thank you, *so* much. *Good* afternoon." I thought I might as well be polite, but I felt sure he would send it back.

The editor of the *Hourglass* was out, so I saw the sub-editor. If I hadn't known what he was, I should have quite liked him. He seemed very sorry about father.

"He's such a good fellow," he said, "and he writes so well, but—I wonder if you'll forgive me, if I say he isn't quite so good at business. 'The Flight of Time,' for example, is a delightful little story, but it isn't the sort we go in for. Personally, I wouldn't mind making an exception just for once, but I'm sure the editor would never agree. However, I'll ask him. Good-bye. Remember me most kindly to your father, and—er—if your father—would—would like a little loan—I——" he put his hand in his pocket.

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"Oh, no, no, no!" I cried. "Please don't!"

I ran right out of the door. Then I thought that I had been rather rude, so I opened it a very little way.

"It *was* so kind and nice of you," I said. Then I really went.

Somehow, his kindness made me feel worse than anything else had done, and I was dreadfully worried, because I was sure the tales were good ones—all father's are—and anybody who knew how to could sell them all.

Then I had an idea.

I would go to a literary agent.

I remembered that Sharp, Smart, & Sharp were in Fustock Street. So I looked at all the doors till I found their name. I went up in a lift, and saw Mr. Smart. He snapped me off before I had finished speaking, and said he only dealt with principals. I went back to the waiting-room to get the MSS. that I had left there. It was very silly of me, but I could not help crying. I did not notice that a stout, rather baldheaded old gentleman was sitting in the arm-chair till he spoke to me.

"What's the matter, my dear?" he asked. He had a loud, deep voice, but he spoke kindly.

"It's — nothing," I said. "I — I'm afraid I'm silly. It's such trying work selling stories."

He looked at me over his glasses.

"You're not an authoress?" he asked.

"No. I—it's my father. He's been so ill, and—and——" I began to feel upset again. He got up and patted my shoulder.

"I see, I see! Now, tell me all about it."

I told him and he listened. When I had finished, he blew his nose very loudly.

"*I* happen to know somebody who wants some tales for an annual," he told me. "In fact, that's what I've come here about. Will you let me show—er—my friend those you have?"

"Thank you," I said. "It *is* so kind of you!"

So I left the tales with him; when I was in the train I remembered that I had not even asked his name and address! I told Dick

I ran right out of the door. Then I thought that I had been rather rude, so I opened it a very little way. "It *was* so kind and nice of you," I said.

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about it when he came round in the evening. He said it would be all right.

There were seven tales to send out, and we had done up six when the postman came. He brought five small letters. (They are the acceptances and cheques. The big ones are the returned MSS.)

The first letter was from the *Artistic Miscellany*.

On further consideration, the Editor accepts "A Musician's Ideal."

The second was from the *Modern Magazine*.

DEAR MADAM,—

In case any of my readers have good taste, I accept "A Virtuous Vandal" and "Clorinda's Catastrophe." In future kindly send me stories of a more worldly stamp. The taste of the majority of readers (and all editors) is bad.

Your father would sell his tales better if they were a little "harder"; but then he would probably have a different daughter. I imagine he prefers to be as he is.

Yours very sincerely,
THE TASTELESS EDITOR.

The third was from the *Hourglass*.

DEAR MISS MARCHANT,—

I am delighted to be able to tell you that on further consideration the Editor will use "The Flight of Time." If you will address some more to me personally I will see what I can do with them. The cheque will be dispatched to-morrow.

Yours faithfully,
R. LASSALL.

The fourth was from the *Lady's Looking Glass*.

DEAR SIR,—

We are sorry to hear of your illness. If you can do us a serial of 40,000 words on your recovery, we shall be glad if you will submit plot for approval. We agree to the somewhat high terms per 1000 words that you ask for the present; but it must be distinctly understood that the matter is subject to reconsideration.

If you think it advisable to take a short trip abroad during your convalescence, to obtain local colour for the story, we shall be prepared to make a payment in advance in this particular instance.

Yours faithfully,
ANDREW MACALLISTER.

The fifth was on a big sheet, headed :—

"PARKER'S ANNUAL."
Published by the Proprietor of Parker's Perfection Pillules.

The Castle,
Ruralham.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND,—

I'll take all three tales for my Christmas Annual. The prices marked are lower than I usually pay, and I never alter my rate. Ask your father what authors' names I shall give. They must, of course, be different in each case.

My wife hopes that you will come and see us, and I trust that we may be good friends. I know I have the misfortune to be an editor once a year, but perhaps you'll excuse me as I'm only an amateur.

Yours very sincerely,
THOMAS PARKER.

I was going to rush up to father with the letters, but I remembered that I should have to explain, so I sent Dick instead. Then I sat down on the sofa and breathed very hard. Of course, I knew that father would not be cross with me, but he is so particular about telling the truth. People ought to be.

Dick came down very quickly, jumping the last six or seven stairs, and caught hold of me, and swung me right off my feet.

"What did he say, Dick?" I asked breathlessly.

"That you are the best girl in the world—I say, Molly—you are!"

He and father are quite absurd about me, but people who are very nice themselves always fancy other people are!

He looked at me over his glasses. "You're not an authoress?" he asked.

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CAP AND BELLS

MEASURED HIS POCKET.

HER RIVAL: "Of course you can't measure his heart by the size of the diamond in your engagement ring."

SHE OF THE RING: "No, but I can measure his pocket by it."

* * * * *

SUFFICIENT.

MAGISTRATE: "What reasons can you give for thinking that this lady did not intend to hit her husband when she threw the flatiron at him?"

WITNESS: "Well, she hit him, didn't she?"

* * * * *

THERE'S ALWAYS LOTS TO SING ABOUT.

"Oh, what is there to sing about?"
A poet sighed one day,
"When not a single rose is out
And all the skies are grey?
The dreary fog lies far and wide,
And down the window pane
There hurry in a chilly tide
Long streams of dismal rain."

But even while the poet spoke.
And sadly glanced around,
Upon his ear there softly broke
A clear and merry sound.
It started from the nursery door
Where someone played content—
A childish laugh, and nothing more,
Yet round the world it went.

For the poet seized his harp again
And gave his fancy wings,
While to that laugh of merry strain
He struck the golden strings.
And people say, the song he sang
Was so replete with mirth,
That through all hearts its echo rang,
Completely round the earth.

John Lea.

NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL.

HORRIFIED MOTHER: "I just this minute saw Mr. Nicefellow's arm round your waist. It's perfectly awful."

REPENTANT DAUGHTER: "Y-e s, mother, but it would be a good deal more awful to see his arm round some other girl's waist."

* * * * *

PRECOCIOUS YOUNGSTER.

LITTLE ETHEL: "Mamma, I wish you'd wash Willie Prettie's face."

MAMMA: "The idea! He's a neighbour's little boy. I have nothing to do with him."

LITTLE ETHEL: "But I have. We've become engaged, an' I want to kiss him."

* * * * *

A FAIR OFFER.

HIGHWAYMAN: "Your money or your life!"

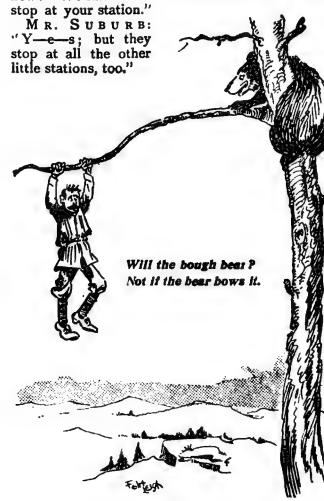
JOURNALIST: "Money I have none, but if you will tell me some of your adventures I will write them down and divide the profits with you."

* * * * *

HARD TO PLEASE.

SUPERINTENDENT: "What is the matter with you now? We have directed three additional trains to stop at your station."

MR. SUBURB: "Y—e—s; but they stop at all the other little stations, too."



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A NASTY KNOCK.

DE WITT: "I thought you were quite well acquainted with Brown."

CHOLLY: "No, indeed! I — aw — only associate with my equals, and——."

DE WITT: "Really, you should aim higher than that."

* *

A PUBLIC PURIFIER.

"My friend," said the solemn man, "have you ever done aught to make the community in which you live the better for your living in it?"

"I have done much, sir," replied the other humbly, "to purify the homes of my fellow-beings."

"Ah," continued the solemn man, with a pleased air, "you distribute tracts!"

"No; I clean carpets."

Cockatoo No. 1: "Why are you and I like waves?"
Cockatoo No. 2: "Give it up."
Cockatoo No. 1: "Why, when we are angry we show our crests!"

FROM CANNIBAL LAND.

"It is a pretty name," the impressionable traveller murmured; "but tell me, why do they call you Manita?"

There was an arch smile on the savage maiden's face.

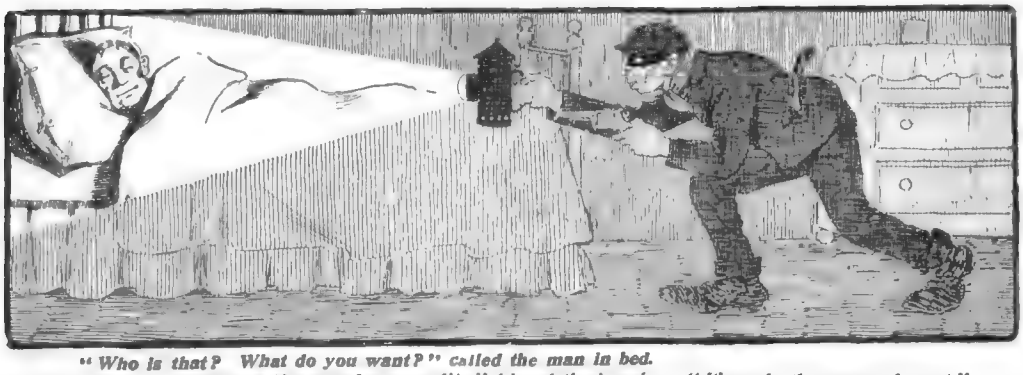
"Evidently," she said, as she signalled to her brothers who were concealed in the bushes with clubs, "you do not know our favourite food."

* *

GAVE IT A COLOUR.

RICHARD: "They say he gave you a black eye."

ROBERT: "That's the way people exaggerate. I had the eye already. He merely laid on the colour."



"Who is that? What do you want?" called the man in bed.
"Hush! Keep quiet if you value your life," hissed the burglar. "It's only the money I want."
"Wait a minute, and I'll get up and help you hunt for it."

A GOOD DEFENCE.

MANAGING EDITOR: "You speak of this man as being a 'heavy defaulter,' but the reports of the auditor show that his accounts were only about five pounds short."

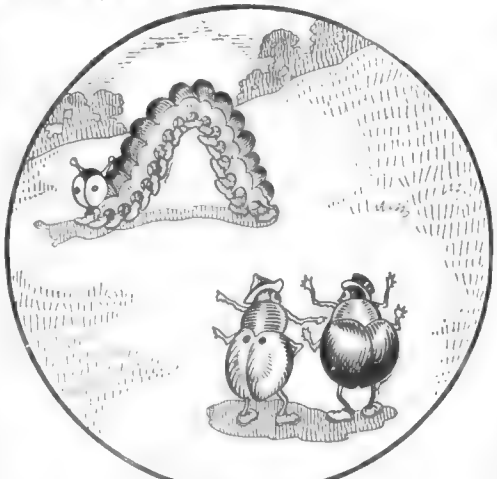
REPORTER: "Yes, but he weighs two hundred and forty pounds."

* *

FANCY-WORK CRAZE.

"Does your wife do much fancy work?"

"Fancy work? She won't even let a porous plaster come into the house without crocheting a red border round it and running a yellow ribbon through the holes."



"My word! Willie Caterpillar must cost his mother something for boots!"

NOT ALL HONEY.

"Life isn't such a pleasant thing after all," said Chappie.

"Why not?" asked Cholly.

"Well, it's pretty hard, dontcherknow, to have to sit at a club window all day to show the world that you haven't to do anything to earn a living."

* *

RELIABLE INFORMATION.

FEATHERSTONE: "I hear that you are going to move, Ringway."

RINGWAY: "Move! I should like to know where you heard that?"

FEATHERSTONE: "Your landlord told me."

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He: "I shall never marry until I meet a woman who is my direct opposite."
She (encouragingly): "Well, my friend, there are numbers of bright, intelligent girls in this neighbourhood."
"Do you remember how you used to put your arm round my waist when we were engaged, ten years ago? You never do so now."
"No; my arm has not grown any longer."
"Did he shake hands with you?"
"Well, not exactly."
"What do you mean by 'not exactly'?"
"Well, he shook his fist at me."
Barber (as usual): "Your hair is getting very grey, sir!"
Customer: "I'm not surprised. Do hurry up!"
John: "Was Mabel offended when you called on her with your face unshaven?"
Jim: "Yes; she said she felt it very much."
W. Esmond

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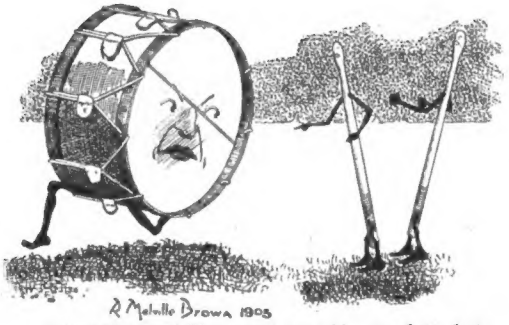

Drumsticks: "We're not very big, my boy, but we're quite equal to giving you a good beating."

CONTENTMENT WAS NO GOOD.

LIL: "I don't see why you shouldn't marry him. He's not bad looking, and he's got such a contented disposition."

JILL: "A contented disposition won't do. A contented man won't bustle about and bring you in diamonds and things."

* * * *

OUT IN THE FAR WEST.

The two men were seated at a table at the farthest corner of the restaurant.

"May I ask you for the score card?" said the one with the bristling moustache, pointing to the bill of fare.

"You may, sir," said the other, a man with closely cropped hair, "but that's all the good it will do you. I'm not a waiter."

"Perhaps not, sir," replied the other. "But if you had requested such a favour of me I should have taken pleasure in complying."

"Quite likely. Some men are born that way. They'd just as soon be taken for a waiter as not."

"And some men are born boors. They couldn't be gentlemen if they tried."

"Think you'd know a gentleman if you happened to meet one?"

"I think I should. He would look as different from you as he possibly could."

"How do you know anything about what a gentleman would do, or what he would look like?"

"I'm intimately acquainted with several, and they don't any of them act like you."

"That so? Who began this conversation, you baboon faced ——"

"I did, you bullet-headed barbarian. I asked you in a civil way if you would be kind enough to hand me the bill of fare, and you insulted me. You haven't the manners or decency of a walrus. You're a chunk of mule meat, in shape something like a man, with a ——"

"You can't talk to me that way and live! I'll ——"

"Don't you do it. If you move your hand one inch nearer your hip pocket, I'll fill you full of holes at once,"

But the other did not stop.

He thrust his hand into his hip pocket, pulled out a silk handkerchief, wiped his eyeglasses, picked up a paper, and began to read.

Then the man with the bristling moustache turned to the unmistakable Englishman who had been sitting at the next table and listening with horrified astonishment to the conversation.

"We thought you would like to have a little exhibition of our native freedom of manners," he said pleasantly, "to use in your forthcoming book, don't you know."

* * * * *

NOT WELL EXPRESSED.

VISITOR: "Your governess seems very good-natured."

HOSTESS: "Yes, poor thing; her father lost a lot of money, so I took her as governess to my children."

VISITOR: "Poor, poor thing. Isn't it terrible how unfortunate some people are!"

* * * *

A THING THAT WAS NOT WHAT IT SEEMED.

She said the words I longed to hear,
She was not cold or snappy;
She actually called me "Dear"—
And yet I was not happy.

The other day she certainly
Refused me with decision;
Then have her views concerning me
Been subject to revision?

Without a doubt she said to-day
She'd loved me long and truly;
But—though I really had to stay—
I was not moved unduly.

For well I knew it did not mean
My bitter fate's reversal;
'Twas only—Act III. Final Scene,
Of our last dress rehearsal.

V. H. Friedlaender.

HIS EXPERIENCE.

"Regarding a woman," said Henpeck,
"To this sad conclusion I've come;
When man puts a ring on her finger,
He puts himself under her thumb."

"Really, George! your knees are awfully baggy. You must get one of those patent stretchers."

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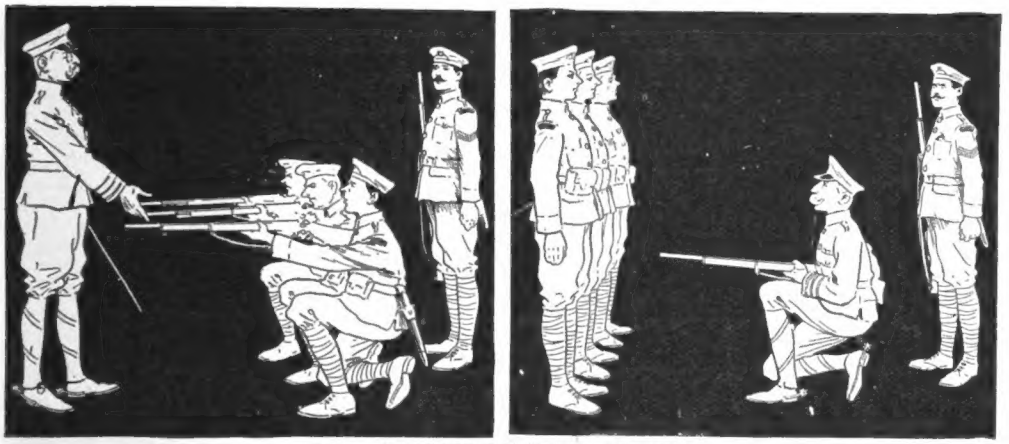


THE ABSENT-MINDED MAJOR.

(1) "That's not the proper posture for the kneeling position," said the Major. "'Tention! Stand up here, and I'll show you."

(2) "Grasp the rifle firmly, drop on the right knee, and sit well back on the right heel—so!"

HIS ESCAPE.

SENTIMENTAL HE: "Oh, would I might be at your side in this beautiful moonlight for ever."

PRACTICAL SHE: "Well, you might marry me."

SENTIMENTAL HE: "He—yes—of course—er; but I am afraid the moonlight won't last."

* *

TAKING A MEAN ADVANTAGE.

FIRST DUDE: "Your valet went out on stwike, did he? Bless my soul, I hope you did not accede to his demands."

SECOND DUDE: "'Pon my life I had to, old chap. The cunning cweatuh thweatened to leave me one morning when I was half dwessed."

* * * * *

DIFFICULT TO UNDERSTAND.

"Rainwater is always soft. Now, that's funny."

"Why?"

"Because, sometimes you may have observed that it comes down hard."

(3) Unfortunately, the gallant officer forgot he was wearing spurs, and—well, he felt sorry for the next few days that he had interfered.

A WEARING LIFE.

"This servant girl problem will make me old before my time."

"Bothers you, too, does it?"

"Indeed, it does. If I have an ugly maid my husband is away all the time, and if I have a pretty one he is at home all the time, and I daren't go away; so there it is."

* *

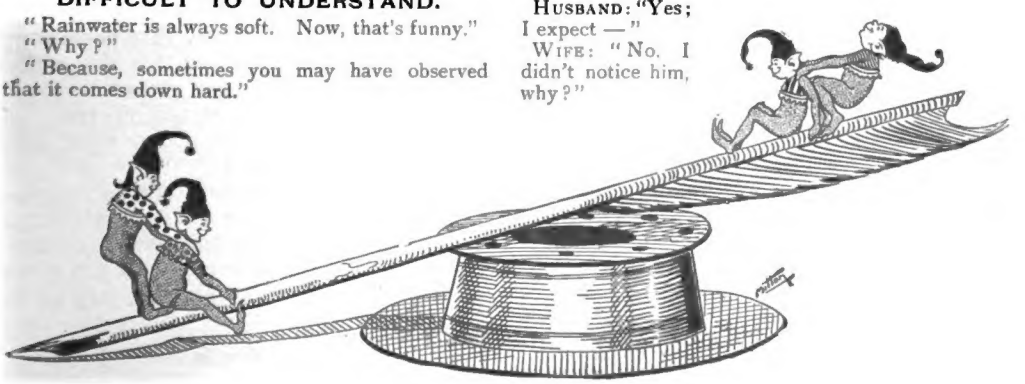
DIDN'T NOTICE HIM.

HUSBAND: "My dear, did you notice that gentleman who just got off the 'bus?"

WIFE: "Do you mean that dark, heavy-set man in the light grey suit, brown hat, and low tan shoes, wearing a turndown collar with a narrow black tie and diamond pin, carrying a book and a silk umbrella, with a heavy, gold-mounted handle?"

HUSBAND: "Yes; I expect—"

WIFE: "No. I didn't notice him, why?"



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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

I want You particularly to Read this Page.

"THE NOVEL MAGAZINE."

By this time you and I have both read THE NOVEL MAGAZINE, the new magazine of stories just published. Your opinion I have still to hear—I should very much like to hear it, too, so drop me a line when you have nothing better to do—my opinion you can have now.

Quite apart from the really great advertising scheme which has accompanied the first issue—a scheme so daring that it simply took my breath away—I think this magazine is quite the best of its kind I have ever come across.

You may still have time to buy the April number. Remember it is only fourpence, and actually the Editor will return that fourpence if you make proper application for it before the middle of May.

What has particularly struck me is the amazing variety of the stories. I know—who better?—how difficult it is to get stories for THE ROYAL every month, and while I have to get eight or nine the Editor of THE NOVEL MAGAZINE must get twenty or thirty. I thought that they must of necessity be of inferior quality, so I read them. And now I can honestly say that I should gladly have taken and published in THE ROYAL any story published in the first issue of THE NOVEL MAGAZINE—especially "The Woman in the Alcove," one of the most thrilling first instalments of a detective serial I have ever read!

WHAT IS "PRINTER'S PIE"?

It's nothing good to eat, as you might very pardonably be led to imagine. When the type of some story or article has all been broken up and jumbled together, this jumble goes by the expressive name of "Printer's Pie"; and to sort out all the separate letters, and put each kind in a separate box is a far less pleasant job than to fish the tit-bits out of a beef-steak pie.

But there is another kind of "Printer's Pie," and it's to this one that I want particularly to draw your attention. It is a most artistically got-up book, full of contributions by first-rate authors and artists, the proceeds of which go to swell the funds of the Printer's Pension Corporation—as worthy an object of charity as you can well imagine.

The 1904 "Printer's Pie," which I read with real interest, and have kept among my most treasured possessions, was described by 208 important newspapers as the finest shillingsworth ever published. And, believe me, there was not a word of exaggeration. The Duke of Argyll, Sir Edwin Arnold, Austin Dobson, W. Pett Ridge, Thomas Hardy, Jerome K. Jerome, are a few among those who contributed to this wonderful shillingsworth. And names quite as illustrious as these embellish the 1905 edition, which in other respects is even more beautifully got up than its predecessor. It makes its appearon May 1st. You must buy it.

GENERAL INNES.

On page 66 General Innes tells the thrilling story of the Defence of Lucknow, in which he took so prominent a part. "The General," says Mr. Walter Wood, "is one of the most charming old gentlemen I have ever met.

"Among other matters we discussed the Victoria Cross, and the General astonished me by expressing some very original views about this most envied medal. He assured me with the utmost gravity that he saw no reason for its existence, and that if awarded at all, it should only be given to private soldiers and non-commissioned officers.

"'But,' I said, 'what about your own Victoria Cross, General?'

"'Oh,' replied General Innes, shrugging his shoulders, 'it's there right enough, but I can't say that its possession makes me extraordinarily pleased with myself. It was given me, after all, simply for doing my duty as an Englishman.'"

TO READERS.—The Index to the last Volume will be sent post free to those who will apply for it to the Publisher.

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